

Walsh's Magazine

1896

MAY, 1896.

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WALSH'S MAGAZINE

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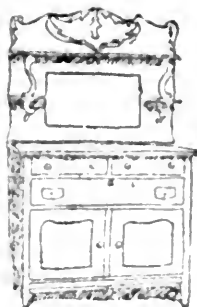


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VOL. II.

MAY, 1896.

NO. 2

CARDINAL MANNING.*

By Hugh Fraser McIntosh.

THE literary sensation of the day in England is not, as might be supposed, the latest production of one of the popular novelists, nor is it a problem play, or a new social theory, or yet the morbid self-communings of some distraught female to whom notoriety is as the breath of life. It is not any of these things, but the biography of a grave and reverend Prince of the Church, who, though living so much in the public eye, always regarded with singular aversion everything that savored of notoriety and sensationalism. How comes it then that the history of a life which from first to last was given up to the elucidation of the gravest problems that afflict humanity should prove to be what is so foreign to the nature of the subject—the sensation of the hour? The cause is found in the manner in which the biographer has discharged the trust committed to him. This Cardinal Vaughan has stigmatized as “almost a crime,” and the justice of the verdict it is impossible to gainsay after a careful perusal of the fifteen hundred pages which constitute the work.

The task to which Mr. Purcell set himself was one of no small magnitude. To successfully portray so complex a career as that of Cardinal Manning required a mental equipment of a high order. He who would do justice to it must, in the first place, possess a profound knowledge of the religious history of the century; he must, whether by actual experience or by spiritual penetration and intimate knowledge of human nature, be able to appreciate the workings of a mind struggling from darkness into light; he must know something of social problems and their bearing upon the spiritual condition of the race; and, finally, he must be inspired with a high ideal of the Church's mission in the world, and of the prerogatives of the Holy See as the seat of authority and the centre of unity. To one thus equipped the task of writing the life of Cardinal Manning would have been the opportunity of a lifetime, and the result could hardly fail to have been one of the greatest biographies in the language. The exalted character of the man, the splendor and variety of his achievements, his relationship with so many of the first men of the age, and the great historical events in which he bore so distinguished a

*Life of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. Member of the Roman Academy of Letters. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

part, all point to this one conclusion. It is unfortunate that the one to whom was committed the important work, or rather who took the task upon himself, should have lacked so utterly the qualifications essential to it. Mr. Purcell, it seems, had during the Cardinal's lifetime proposed to him to write something about his Anglican career, and His Eminence, believing it advisable that this should be done before he departed from the scene, acquiesced in the proposal, and so far co-operated as to place in Mr. Purcell's hands a diary which he had kept at Lavington, remarking at the same time, "The eye of no man has seen this little book. It has never before passed out of my keeping." It is evident that in so doing Cardinal Manning intended that the writing of this portion of his life should be on lines indicated by himself, though he forebore personally overlooking it. From time to time, however, as the work progressed, he gave Mr. Purcell the benefit of his ideas and experience. But ere it had gone very far he died, and his executors, to whom all private papers had been bequeathed, knowing of Mr. Purcell's undertaking and of the tacit approval the late Cardinal had given to it, in the simplicity of their hearts, without any question whatever, handed over every paper in their possession and left Mr. Purcell free to do as he willed with them. Given this free hand he proceeded to take the public into his confidence, with the result that a grievous injury has been done to a great name. "Not a single letter, document, or autobiographical note," he says, "has been omitted or suppressed." Letters by the score of the most private and personal nature which the Cardinal had preserved for the guidance of his biographer, or for the information of his successor, notes and memoranda drawn up at sundry times for the same purpose, and even his general confession, as an Anglican, to his curate, Laprimaudaye, are here thrown indiscriminately upon the public who—the great mass of them—have neither the knowledge or the inclination to interpret them aright. I, for one, am no partisan of the idealized biography. The "human document" certainly has a value and a charm all its own, and it surely is a grave error in a biographer to picture only the virtues of his subject, while the defects and weaknesses which lend a human interest to his character are hidden altogether from view. But how much more grievous the error when the process is reversed and a biography becomes primarily a picture of the man's defects. This, in the judgment of competent persons, is what Mr. Purcell has accomplished. Letters written on the spur of the moment, or at a time of irritation, give no true idea of the writer's fixed opinions, but suggest perhaps what is at most a passing impression, and to make such ephemeral documents the means of raking up old disputes, of preserving and exaggerating differences between good men, and of thereby wounding the feelings of many persons still living, is surely, as Cardinal Vaughan has said, "almost a crime." Smarting under this stigma, Mr. Purcell has, in the Nineteenth Century, essayed to justify his action under the two-fold plea of historical truth and the Cardinal's own evident intentions. But historical truth does not suffer, it is rather guarded by a due sense of proportion and a proper idea of decorum in the historian. The material comes raw into his hands; it is his work to unravel the tangled threads, to fit part into part, and to set the whole in its substantial unity before the world. "There are," says Mr. Saintsbury, in his *Essays on English Literature*, "things

which are not disgraceful to a man to have done or written, but of which the publication is obviously unfair to him, which any biographer may suppress, and which in some notable later examples have not been suppressed—to the discredit of the subject in the minds of fools, of the biographer in the minds of the wise."

As to the second plea, there is not in anything that has yet been produced a shred of evidence to prove that Cardinal Manning ever



CARDINAL MANNING.

dreamt of the publication of all these letters. Mr. Purcell is at very labored pains to show that because the Cardinal, in the memoranda he drew up in the last years of his life at the suggestion of Bishop (now Cardinal) Vaughan, referred for fuller particulars of certain events in his career to different series of his correspondence, or to his diaries, indicated thereby his wish and intention that they should be published as they

stood. What alone is evident from such an argument is the rather startling obtuseness of the biographer. It is plain to ordinary people at any rate, even from Mr. Purcell's own showing, that what the Cardinal had in mind was the simplifying of the biographer's task when he should come to deal with difficult questions, and one of the most melancholy features of the whole business is that his wise precautions in this respect have, by the stupidity of one man, been so completely nullified. There are, as has been well said by, I think, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, documents printed in these volumes which Cardinal Manning would rather have cut off his right hand than that they should have been given to the world. That he should have been so over-reached is a singular fatality to overtake the man who, rather than open questions of controversy, which a single soul might misunderstand, held back for thirty years the life of his predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, incurring thereby from unfriendly sources the vulgarest imputations against himself without murmur or complaint. Not this the spirit responsible for the handiwork of Mr. Purcell.

But not in the publication of all this original material lies the biographer's greatest transgression. As a matter of fact, as very forcibly pointed out by the editor of the *Spectator*, the documents themselves convey a far more favorable impression of Cardinal Manning than the book does as a whole. It is not what Manning has done or written, but the inferences drawn from his actions or words wherein lies the mischief. In most cases these are not only not in harmony with the documents themselves, but directly contrary to their obvious sense and meaning. Two instances may here be cited as bearing out this contention. In the first volume of the work, where Manning's relations to the Oxford Movement are treated of at great length, and the gradual decay of his faith in the Anglican Church is unfolded, Mr. Purcell says: "What I grant is a curious difficulty, almost startling at first, is to find Manning speaking concurrently for years with a double voice. One voice proclaims in public, in sermons, charges and tracts, and, in a tone still more absolute, to those who sought his advice in confession, his profound and unwavering belief in the Church of England as the divine witness to the Truth, appointed by Christ and guided by the Holy Spirit. The other voice, as the following confessions and documents under his own handwriting bear ample witness, speaks in almost heart-broken accents of despair at being no longer able in conscience to defend the teaching and position of the Church of England; whilst acknowledging at the same time, if not in his confession to Laprimandaye, at any rate in his letters to Robert Wilberforce, the drawing he felt towards the infallible teaching of the Church of Rome."

Now here is a charge direct, distinct, tangible. Divested of verbiage, it means that in the opinion of the biographer, Manning here deliberately and of set purpose acted a double part. And then, as if to intensify the gravity of the indictment, he goes on, "What adds to the difficulty of accounting for these contradictory statements in regard to his religious opinions is the strange fact, that in all his journals, reminiscences, and autobiographical notes, Cardinal Manning has left no explanation of this apparent mystery." Explanation! what need to explain, except perhaps for the particular enlightenment of Edmund

Sheridan Purcell. What is so obvious and self-evident? Here again the special unfitness of the biographer for dealing with his subject is brought conspicuously into view. It is late in the day to make such a charge as that with the least hope, even allowing for unfriendliness in the reader, of successfully establishing it. That it should have been made at all, and in such a book as this, almost takes away one's breath. The author of the *Apologia*, it was thought, had forever made such a thing impossible. But the history unfolded in that wonderful book with such transparent candor and simplicity has been lost upon at least one man, with the result that in the estimation of the ignorant and unstable, a great religious leader has been branded as a master of dissimulation. Let us look for a moment at the facts of the case.

In the period of storm and stress which beset the Church of England after Newman's secession, a period which has left its mark upon her and forever invalidated her claim to be a part of the Catholic Church, —Archdeacon Manning, as he then was, came to be regarded as a moderating and restraining power. The position to which public opinion thus elevated him was one for which his own moderation, and his friendly relations with the leaders of both parties in the Church, peculiarly fitted him. He had a high reputation as a preacher and theologian and had already been singled out by the popular voice as destined for a bishopric. "No power on earth," said Bishop Philpotts of Exeter, "can keep Manning from the Bench." Up to this time no shade of doubt seems to have crossed his mind as to the validity of the Anglican position, and he stepped into the sphere of influence opening before him with the vim and confidence of a man ordained to it. He was more than ever in demand as a preacher, and his published sermons and charges were widely read and commented upon as tending to steadiness and security amidst the storms which threatened to engulf the Church of England. Many, distressed by doubts and misgivings, and casting a longing glance at the Port which Newman and so many others of the choicest spirits of the Oxford Movement had safely entered, sought his advice in confession, and, true to the position in which he thus found himself, he used every endeavor to allay their fears and to fortify their allegiance to the Church of their baptism. But in the midst of circumstances such as these a spectre crossed his path. He who was looked up to by others as a teacher and guide, in the very zenith of his influence, found his own mind assailed by similar questionings. What was he to do in such an exigency? Was he to unburden his difficulties upon every confiding client who sought his direction, when, after all, his doubts might prove to be a delusion? Mr. Purcell, apparently, and Mr. Gladstone, who at that time was Manning's intimate friend, would have us believe that such was his duty, but reason and common sense will say that so to have acted would have been a crime. It was distressing enough to deal with his own doubts, but to raise in the minds of those who confided in him questions which he could not solve would have been the act of a miscreant. No! his duty, plainly, was to speak hopefully of the Church of England and not to unsettle others in their allegiance to it. And thus spoke what the biographer calls the "public voice" of Manning during all the trying years which elapsed ere he got his feet upon solid rock. It was a desperate fight, and only those who

have passed through it can realize its full significance. In the case of a man occupying Manning's position its gravity was intensified tenfold, and not for a moment, until the end came, was he relieved from the distressing position in which his relations with others involved him. He yielded not an inch without a struggle, and even when the doubts which beset him had eaten into his very vitals, we find him still clinging to the hope that they might yet be dissolved. Meantime, to those who sought his advice he continued to insist upon the duty of remaining in the Church of England in spite of personal doubts; of awaiting stronger evidence before taking so momentous a step as abandoning the communion in which they were born. Can there be room for two opinions as to the uprightness of such a course? Could he in conscience do anything that might lead others to take a step which he himself regarded as possibly based on delusion?

While every instinct, therefore, of honor and rectitude forbade Manning from unsettling the faith of those under him, he was under no such restrictions in regard to his brother-in-law, Robert Wilberforce, whom, to use his own expression, he "leant upon" throughout this time of tribulation. The chapters dealing with the correspondence between these two men are among the most interesting, as they certainly are the most affecting in the book. Between them there existed the most unfeigned love and confidence, and there is something touching in the unaffected humility with which Manning recognized the wider knowledge and deeper penetration of his friend. Robert Wilberforce certainly was one of the brightest minds in the Church of England at that time. He was one of three brothers, sons of the famous abolitionist, and all of them clergymen and prominent figures during the Oxford Movement. Two of them subsequently entered the Catholic Church, while the third, Samuel, became Bishop of Oxford, and as such a typical worldly cleric, and a bitter opponent of the Catholic Revival. Robert, though leading the way in the race to Rome, did not reach the goal as quickly as Manning, who displayed a stronger will and prompter determination in action when the occasion called for it. But three years following the latter's conversion his friend followed him into the Church, and, a year later, having determined to study for the priesthood, took up his residence in Rome. His ambition, however, was not to be realized, for he died not long afterwards, within a few weeks of the time set for his ordination. His correspondence with Manning reveals a high and noble character, a sweet and gentle disposition, and an unaffected earnestness in the pursuit of truth. To such a man Manning spoke out his whole mind and heart, weighing his doubts and misgivings, and seeking advice on questions that harassed and perplexed him. It is here we meet with what Mr. Purcell calls the "private voice." Mr. Gladstone when shown these letters, after Cardinal Manning's death, seems to have felt hurt that Manning had not made a similar revelation of his mind to himself. Mr. Gladstone forgets that advances in this direction made to him by Manning as far back as 1846, met with a reception so chilling as to effectually forbid any repetition of them. He, therefore, has no right to complain. "Thus," says Mr. R. H. Hutton, reviewing this part of the work, "is drawn the picture of a man intellectually convinced that Anglicanism was absolutely untenable, and yet all the while preaching

to his penitents, as undoubted, the very opposite of his own convictions—a view which is, I venture to say, flatly contradicted in every page of the documents he cites."

To come now to the Catholic life of Manning. Here as in the Anglican life, discrepancies between Mr. Purcell's rhetoric, and the original documents abound. Perhaps the most glaring instance of this refers to almost the last important public act of Cardinal Manning's career, his sermon at the Requiem for Cardinal Newman, celebrated in the Oratory Church, South Kensington, a few days after the latter's death. In this



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

eloquent tribute to his great contemporary, Cardinal Manning, said: "We have lost our greatest witness for the Faith, and we are all poorer and lower by the loss. When these tidings came to me, my first thought was this; in what way can I, once more, show my love and veneration for my brother and friend of more than sixty years. . . . I am not come to pronounce orations or panegyrics. I would not, if I could. I could not, if I would. The memories of an affectionate friendship of more than sixty years, and the weight of old age, put it beyond my power." On these words spoken, who can doubt, out of the fulness of his heart and ere the grave had closed over the great departed, while

Manning himself stood almost on the brink of it, Mr. Purcell thus comments :

"It seems almost a pity to disturb the illusion indulged in by Cardinal Manning, and left as a legacy to future generations, that he and Newman were knit together in bonds of the closest friendship 'for sixty years and more.' In the words spoken in the London Oratory, Manning's mind went back to those far-off days, when he remembered Newman as a leader and a guiding light in the days of Anglican darkness and perplexity ; went back to the days when both alike had entered into the fulness and the light of the Faith. At the close of his days Cardinal Manning forgot the stormy period of his turbulent life ; forgot how utterly he had broken with Newman ; saw, as in a glass darkly, only what he wished to see ; saw in the clouded vision of bygone things the pathetic picture he described. At that supreme moment, the not unnatural desire of Manning's heart was that his name should go forth before the world linked with that of Newman's, as a life-long friend and fellow-worker ; that he might, in a sense, be a co-partner in Newman's glory. What he greatly desired, all through his life, he rarely failed to achieve. No act or effort was spared in the words spoken on that memorable day to create the impression which he wished to leave on the minds and imaginations of men. Hence in such an over-wrought state of feeling it came to pass that Manning's mind and memory were taken possession of by an overmastering idea, so that in his illusion he saw only the 'what might have been,' and not the things that were."

The interpolation of the word "closest" will not fail to impress the reader, an act on the biographer's part which materially changes the drift of Cardinal Manning's words. But this is a veniality compared with the underlying imputation which is here levelled at one of the noblest figures of our time, which is nothing less than having for a low human motive, deliberately lied in the face of all England. The gravity of such a charge cannot be lessened by any figure of speech which, in committing himself to it, Mr. Purcell has chosen to adopt. The sting remains. What grounds, if any, the reader will not unnaturally ask, had he to go upon ?

That serious differences for long existed between the two men, that indeed a measure of estrangement had arisen out of these differences, cannot be denied. Nor need the most loyal admirer of Cardinal Manning be at any pains to deny it. It has been public property for many years. But Saints have differed, have taken opposite sides in the controversies of the past, and have not spared one another in the vigor of their warfare. What is this but to say that they were human, that all minds are not constituted alike and that in the Catholic Church their intellects had the freest play in the examination and discussion of all questions not authoritatively defined by the Church. This is something non-Catholics affect not to understand. They may differ as they please among themselves, and, as we know, even the most sacred and elementary truths of Christianity become not infrequently with them bones of contention. But let any divergence of opinion arise between Catholics as, in questions not of faith, is often the case, and it is magnified altogether beyond its due proportions. At the same time it is one of their pet charges against us that we cannot think for ourselves, that we

are bound hand and foot by a system of rigid formalism which intellectually paralyzes us. A Church teaching authoritatively and holding secure in her bosom, above all the vagaries of the human intellect, truths once for all revealed by God, and yet in all questions beyond that, allowing the most unrestricted freedom of discussion, seems to be without their mental vision. It is to be regretted that Mr. Purcell, by the attitude he has chosen to assume towards the relations between the two Cardinals, should have played low down to this sentiment.

Out of Cardinal Newman's own mouth is Mr. Purcell condemned, for in his *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions*, published in 1857, he dedicates the volume to Dr. Manning, "as some sort of memorial of the friendship which there has been between us for nearly thirty years," and inscribes himself "Ever yours affectionately, John H. Newman." Again, in 1865, Newman, accepting Manning's invitation to his consecration, says, "I come as your friend, not as a Father of the Birmingham Oratory." What further justification is needed for Cardinal Manning's description of their relations in 1890. Here alone is sufficient proof that the two men were broad enough and magnanimous enough to hold their personal feelings one for the other aloof from any mere intellectual divergencies. The truth of the matter is that Manning's mind was not so constituted as to enable him to appreciate or understand a mind like Newman's. Though they were both converts from Anglicanism, and had in common a single eye to the interests of the Church, they were intellectually as the poles asunder. I have no intention of attempting an analysis of their intellectual differences. The documents published in the *Life* give those who care to pursue the subject the means of doing this for themselves. These documents, had the biographer been content to let them speak for themselves, and not put upon them the burden of his misinterpretation, were to all who have followed the careers of the two men with any degree of interest, something to be thankful for. They let in a flood of light upon their relations to one another and to the Holy See. For my own part, who have always looked up to Cardinal Newman as a Confessor of the Faith, and in many respects the greatest man of the age, I cannot but feel that in their various points of conflict, Cardinal Manning was hardly fair to him, at least he displayed a harshness in his judgment at variance with what was usual to him. It must be said, however, that unquestionably, Manning honestly believed Newman's mental attitude towards certain great questions, to embody "low views" of the prerogatives of the Holy See and of the relationship of the Church to modern thought, a belief which he in great measure imbibed from the *Dublin Review*, then under the editorship of William George Ward, certainly one of the first metaphysicians of the day, but, like Louis Veuillot in France, fond of "stretching principles until they were close upon snapping." This is not the place to enter into these questions, even if space permitted. Suffice it to say that the misconceptions from which Newman suffered, and the cloud under which in consequence he for many years was permitted to live, were effectually and for ever cleared away when Leo XIII., as one of the first acts of his pontificate, summoned him to the Sacred College. Newman was not the man to seek such an honor, but he accepted it gladly as his vindication, and as setting the stamp of approval upon his life's work. He

had borne long years of misconception without a murmur, being content, like his own St. Philip, to leave the "lifting of the cloud" to a higher power. He had indeed been saddened because of circumstances not permitting him to make full use of his high talents in the service of the Church, and this feeling is expressed in a letter, written in 1865, which, because of the touching humility it displays, and the light it sheds upon his life, I cannot forbear quoting in full :

"Of course it is a constant source of sadness to me that I have done so little for God during a long twenty years ; but then I think, and with some comfort, that I have ever tried to act as others told me, and if I have not done more it has been because I have not been put to do more, or have been stopped when I attempted more.

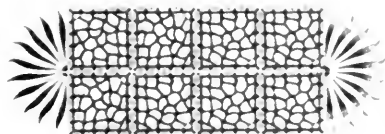
"The Cardinal (Wiseman) brought me from Littlemore to Oscott ; he sent me to Rome ; he stationed me and left me in Birmingham. When the Holy Father wished me to begin the Dublin Catholic University I did so at once. When the Synod of Oscott gave me to do the new translation of Scripture, I began it without a word. When the Cardinal asked me to interfere in the matter of the Rambler, I took on myself, to my sore disgust, a great trouble and trial. Lastly, when my Bishop, 'proprio motu,' asked me to undertake the mission of Oxford, I at once committed myself to a very expensive purchase of land and began, as he wished me, to collect money for a Church. In all these matters I think, (in spite of many incidental mistakes), I should, on the whole, have done a work, had I been allowed or aided to go on with them ; but it has been God's Blessed Will that I should have been stopped.

"If I could get out of my head the notion that I could do something and am not doing it, nothing could be happier, more peaceful, or more to my taste, than the life I lead."

It is worthy of note that the works which Newman advocated and which were the rocks of his offence, have since his death received the sanction of the Holy See. The chief of these was the project of a Catholic College, or at least a house of studies at Oxford, where he believed he could influence the higher religious thought of England as in his Anglican days. Catholics are now, by the sanction of the Pope, permitted to send their sons to Oxford, and within the past few weeks comes the intelligence that the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have opened a house at the University, thus inaugurating a work contemplated by Newman more than thirty years ago.

These two instances which have been dwelt upon at some length are not the only blots on this biography, but they will serve to indicate the tenor of a considerable part of Mr. Purcell's work. Yet Cardinal Manning was too great a man to be permanently affected by his biographer's indiscretions. It is true that the book is primarily a picture of his defects, real or imaginary, and that Mr. Purcell has entirely failed to grasp the true genius and inspiring motives of his subject. The sense of proportion is entirely lacking. It is not so much a record of the Cardinal's life as of his contests. These are dragged into the light of day, dwelt upon at wearisome length and never for a moment is the reader permitted to lose sight of them. At the same time the events in which Manning really played a great part, such as the Vatican Council,

and his work in behalf of the London poor, which is perhaps his securest title to fame, are thrust into the background. Nevertheless, after all is said and done, the fact remains that the personality which shines forth from these pages is one of the greatest in the modern religious history of England. It is indeed scarcely too much to say that taking Cardinal Manning for all in all, there is no nobler or more illustrious figure in the ecclesiastical annals of his country since St. Thomas a Becket. His was a soul all on fire with love of God and devotion to the highest interests of humanity. He was equally at home in the halls of the Vatican and the hovels of the poor, and to every work to which he set his hand there was no turning back till it was accomplished. His life was characterized by unswerving devotion to principle, tireless energy and unaffected simplicity of manner. It has been said of him that he made the Catholic Church known and respected in England, and in bringing about the happier state of things that exists to-day as contrasted with thirty years ago, no influence was more potent than his. When the end came, therefore, it was not alone his own flock that mourned, but a responsive throb of sympathetic grief went forth from the great heart of the English people. It was felt that a great leader had fallen in Israel, and that England and the world were the poorer by the loss.

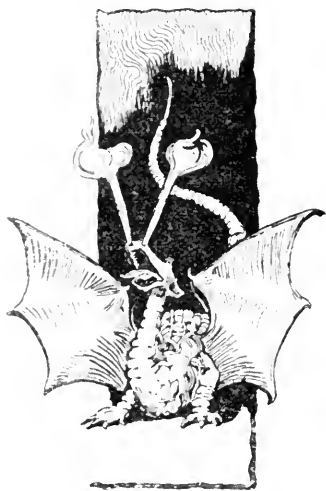


THE MUSICIAN.

A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

By Frank Waters.

PART FIRST.—Continued.



"I give! I take!" the evil voice replied;
And, stooping, like a sweep of pinions wide
Cast down in vast and dreadful shadowings,
As from a Pestilence's sailing wings,
Lowered the Dark One o'er him, and the
eyes

Of darkness burning red eternities
Of malice in a furnace of despair
Heated for all the ages; and aware
He was as of a shadowy band that gave
And took, and of a laughter in the nave
Of that uncleanly womb, as though it knew
Some monstrous birth at issue to the view
Of heavens with veiled faces. And he stood,
And all his hair through all his bristling
blood

Did seem to make his life one prickly fell
Of horror—why, he knew not, knowing well,
And rapt into a deep unholy trance;

Until that laughter's shrieking dissonance—
Eternity convulsed in hopeless mirth
Of agony at mad hysteric birth—
Did seem to lift him from the damned floor,
And hurl him flying down the corridor
Of lurking horrors.

And he waked, and saw,
And stood at gaping of the grisly maw,
Outside its dragon-snarlings. And, behind,
Far in the entrails, like a belching wind
That rumbled back from exit, gulped again,
The music, or the laughter, or the twain,
(Or were they one?) died sullenly away,
And dwindled from the levels of the day,
As with oonic yearnings. And, around,
Mountain, and sky, and lowland, slept profound,
And the white hamlet in its mountain nest,
'Neath flooding moonlight falling from a breast



Of moon as round and clear of argent sheen
As ever God did set with mothering mien
To nurse the darkness with a milk of light,
That so the sullen babe might wax all bright,
And glass the heavenly Glory on its face,
Confessing Him the Father of a grace.

But where the dark musician darkly stood,
No light was on him : overhead did brood
The beetling forehead of the demon crag,
O'er nodding evermore with horrid shag
Of gloom the horror at its feet below,
A hideous brow that pondered o'er a woe
Crushing above and yawning 'twixt its feet,
The whence was no escape and no retreat.

Gasping, he reeled from out the hellish shade,
And stumbled to a vantage which surveyed

The village-green, the place of bridal cheer.
But all was desolate : the moonlight clear
Looked blankly at him like an angel face
That mutely questioned—in a holy place
Late desecrated, where it kept a guard—
The desecrator of the Eden-sward,
What he had done with consecrated bliss,
And how a joy stood nakedly like this,
And none to clothe its sorrow with a smile ?
Whereat, he hung his head, and mused awhile,
And asked if this were dreaming time or waking,
And if his heart exulting were, or breaking ?
And whether he had ever wed a maid,
And passioned o'er her loveliness arrayed
In sinlessness of holy vows for him ?

And if he had indeed in places dim
Bartered with hell ? Or was it all a dream,
And would he wake, and find a happy gleam
Of morning twilight thinning night away,
And blushing rosy to the kiss of day—
As blushed the dream-bride to his bridegroom
kiss ?

Then, something singing with a vibrant hiss
Made shock beside him. All his wrinkling heart
Drew into smallness with a sickening smart
Of life contracted in a grip of dread,
And straightway up he bristled at the head,
And all the lids flew open of his eyes
Bursting abroad to stare in mad surmise
Of what they knew not, and aside he sprung,
For truly he did think the Serpent's tongue
Had touched him, with a sibilance hot from hell.



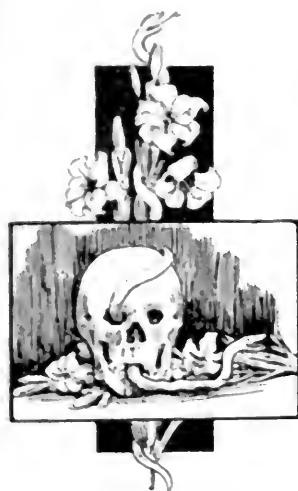
And, looking down, his cracking eyeballs fell
 To sight of what had happed. The violin
 Had slipt his nerveless fingers, and with din
 Of shaken chords had struck his nearer foot,
 And bounded off, and fall'n, and now lay mute,
 And, blinking up at him a horrid smile,
 Sprawled on the earth as though it would defile
 God's holy world for very wantonness—
 So vile a seeming did the Thing express !

Awhile upon that Thing he stared aghast,
 And all his soul was bloodless fear, which passed
 Anon to sanguine fury. "Cursed Thing,"
 He cried, and reaching with a sudden spring,
 He snatched it to his hand, and gripped upon,
 And spat from grinning teeth and lips bluewan,
 And shook the demon bantling, and stood still,
 And stared again, and maddened: had the skill
 Of archangelic lying cozened him,
 Rending perhaps his genius limb from limb,
 And handing back the carcase wracked and rent,
 Like this sheer hulk of his own instrument ?
 For such it seemed now on closer view—
 His old-time violin, but o'er dressed anew
 With senile aspect of decrepit power,
 All seamed and dwindled from the lusty hour
 Of its full-throated bygone singing time.
 Battered it was, and wrinkled, with a rime
 Of pallid tarnish on its puckered face ;
 And all its strings seemed loosened from their place ;
 But all beside, in build, size, shape, made known,
 Or seemed to make, the Thing his very own.

Convulsed, bewildered, and enraged at heart,
 He struck it fiercely with his rod of art ;
 Whereat, a life, outcharmed from all the strings,
 Did groan with so potential harrowings
 Of woe immense, immeasurable pain,
 And sounding fury countering all their grain,
 That, on the instant, soul-dilate, he knew
 He held the pole of all his aim in view,
 And touched his upward limit of desire—
 Or downward, as it might be—and stood higher—
 Or lower—by vast circles of degrees
 Than any master in the harmonies
 Then making music to the souls of men.

Thereat, with heart a-flame, he heaved again
 His wand of power, and, drawing o'er the strings
 All his soul-frenzies and heart maddenings
 Merged in the hurtling bow, a strain he woke

THE MUSICIAN



To slay the listening silence with a stroke
More potent than the levin's bolted flame ;
Till all the steeps, soul-shaken by the same,
Shouted tremendous echo, and the night
Of shadows reeled beneath it, and the light
Drew in its breath, and, gasping, waned to pale
And heart-contracted dimness, as did sail
The pinions of an Evil through the air,
Blotting with shadow God's clear presence
there.

All time forgot, and whelmed all space away,
Singly his soul existent through a sway
Of sound that sphered an empire and domain
Absorbing self, where through that self did
reign

In likeness as of God, but evilly,
A sin reversal of the Deity,

Inverting His fair order, where above
The throning Power and Wisdom swayeth Love—
As here did power, tyrannic grown of guise,
And evil wisdom, here no longer wise,
Make holy love itself a throne to bear
The weight intolerable of Despair—
From the rapt passion of his central soul,
At stress of self-expression, did he roll
Round worlds of music, building high and wide
A universe of sound, wherein enskied,
His sum of being, hereto stifling pent.
Broke out as to its native firmament,
And, filling that, beheld himself exprest.
Full reproduction of his breathing breast.
For so the artist, Godlike, breathes abroad
Himself into himself, as very God,
And, generating so himself, conceived
To fullness by himself, doth, all achieved
In mighty reproduction, live for aye,
Unlike the barren dwellers of a day.

But when his passion, stretched to utmost note,
Began to sing abroad with seraph throat
The glory of the mystery of fair Love—
The Holy Spirit quickening God above,
And all the Godhead's vital fruit of womb—
Sudden before him oped the forfeit bloom
Of his marred Eden, bodied in the grace
Of that young bride the blossom of whose face.
So late, with fragrance of her maidhood's heart
Outbreathing softly through it, every past
Of all her being there proclaimed in sweet
His very own—a garden where no feet



Save his alone, and God's, might echo wake,
Where every echo lived for love's fair sake,
And was itself a virgin soul of love.

And, keenly countered by that truth, above
All semblance of his art supernally,
Fainted the strain from its crescendo key,
And, dropping instrument and bow, he fell
Weeping—such tears as weep the damned in
hell.

What profit—so up-braided him the soul
He had so bartered for a demon's dole
Of paltry, passing, borrowed power in art—
What profit, that the language of the heart
He might express in fullness of the tone,
Feeding a joy for others, if his own,—
Cheated of all the substance by its shade

And thinnest ghost of semblance, sound arrayed—
Forever hungering, must forever be
Mocked by a bodiless show of harmony,
While love herself, though standing bodied nigh,
Eluded him by stretched infinity?
How could he clasp in holy love's caress
The body of a virgin holiness,
Feeling, the while,—O horror!—that his touch,
Contaminate with a demonhood, must smutch
The purity of God (enshrined in her)—
Besouling it with sacrilegious slur
Of an embracing vileness most unfit?

Over his prone head did the shadows flit,
Winging the night, and slowly sank the moon
Beyond her zenith-rising, ere, his swoon
Of thought and sense half-lifting, heavily
He gathered up his concrete misery,
The viol and the bow, from off the ground,
And slowly, stumbling, like a man astound
From some dread vision scanty passed away
Whom the mechanic motion of the clay
Doth move unconscious to accustomed act,
His way he took across the silent tract,
Unpeopled of its late festivity,
And, stealing by the hamlet guiltily—
For every darkened dwelling seemed an eye
Of vital horror as he glided by—
Reached his own house (O, not a home, alas !)
And pushed the yielding door, and in did pass,
And stood appalled before the darkness there,
And the loud silence—voicing his despair !

(End of Part First).

THE VISION OF O'SULLIVAN & THE RED.

By W. B. Yeats.

O'SULLIVAN, after wandering from place to place, sleeping now in a barn, now under a hayrick, set out to cross Cope's Mountain, with the thought of pushing on into North Leitrim, where, perhaps, his love songs might be known and his satires unknown, and the little square harp that hung from his shoulders a new delight. Discovering, however, the deserted cabin of a shepherd, well sheltered by a great rock, he changed his purpose, and set to work plaiting rushes into the broken thatch, and filling the lower half of the window, from which the glass had been broken, with sods of grass. He had changed it the more readily because Maiv Lavell, a love of his youth, and the dearest, perhaps, of any, who had come out of the South to seek him now many years ago, lay buried in a little grass-grown cemetery at the mountain foot; and his heart was heavy at the thought of putting the whole bulk of Bulben and Cope's Mountain between him and her. He had stopped awhile at her grave before beginning to climb, but when twilight was falling, and his work for the day at an end, he took the narrow, precipitous boreen trodden into brown mud by the asses of generations of turf cutters, and was soon sitting under the wild-rose tree that was the only monument of so great passion and beauty. He sat there full of thoughts and memories, amid the dropping dew, and watched the stars coming out one by one, between the branches of the wild-rose tree, until gradually the old passion, softened with a new pity and remorse born from the fading of his powers, and from the loosening of his hold upon life, had filled his eyes with tears. His fingers began to play with the wires of the little square harp, and his lips to murmur, as the mood shaped itself into a song; and presently he sang to the now forgotten tune, so full of fathomless regret despite its uncouth name, *The Herdsmen of Roughley O'Byrne*:—

O, Colleens kneeling by your altar rails long hence,
When song I wove for my beloved hides the prayer,
And smoke from this dead heart drifts through the violet air,
And covers away the smoke of myrrh and frankincense;
Bend down and pray for the great sin I wove in song,
Till Maurya of the wounded heart cry a sweet cry.
And call to my beloved and me: "No longer fly
Amid the hovering, piteous, penitential throng."

When the song was ended, he sat motionless awhile, and then put up his hand, and pulled a frail blossom that hung between three white stars, and, having kissed it tenderly, wound its stalk among the wires of his harp. He began to climb the hill again, but found the journey so long and tiresome that he often sat down upon the green ditch at the side of the boreen. In one of these rests he found himself at the edge of a rath, or royalty as he called it, and went over in his mind cer-

tain ancient poems of sinful lovers, who were awakened by one another's love from the sleep of the grave, and to a shadowy life in faeryland, where they await the Judgment, banished from the face of God. He wondered if he and his Maiv would so wander, and what their punishment might be, and if the demons would persecute them or wait till they were judged. He went on with a deep sigh, and when he stopped again it was to gather rushes for his bed, and with restless hands that he might not think.

He spread the rushes in a corner of the cabin, and, because it was still early, went on to Lug-na-Gall, and going down to the edge of the precipice, gazed into the valley, and touched the wires of his harp with aimless fingers. The valley was full of a gray mist, spread from mountain to mountain, that seemed to his awed imagination like a crowd of huddled phantoms, and the fancy made his heart beat with terror and delight. Presently, and only half understanding what he was doing, he began picking the petals from the rose that still clung to the wires of his harp, and watching them float into the abyss in a little fluttering troop.

Suddenly he heard a faint music, a music that had a greater compass of emotion—for it was now of an intolerable merriment, now of an intolerable sadness—than any made by human fingers, and his terror became delight, because he knew that the faeries were somewhere in the abyss. His eyes rested upon the little fluttering troop of petals, and while he gazed, they changed, and began to look like a troop of men and women walking through the darkness and far off, who were yet half rose-petals; and then the twy-nature faded, and they were indeed a long line of stately couples walking upon the vapor. Instead of going away from him, they were coming towards him, they were going past him, and their faces were full of a proud tenderness, and pale as with a quenchless desire of august and mournful things. Shadowy arms were stretched up out of the vapor as if to seize them, but in vain, for they passed in some inviolate peace. Before them and beyond them, but at a distance as though in reverence, were other forms, sinking and rising and plunging and flying; and by their disordered flight O'Sullivan knew the once divine Shée; and to them rose no shadowy arms, for they were of those who can neither sin nor obey. They all grew small in the distance, pacing and flying towards the white square door which is in the side of Bulben. The vapor spread now before him, like a deserted sea washing the mountains with fantastic waves; but, while he gazed upon it, it began to fill with a flowing, broken, imperfect life that was a part of itself, and arms and pale heads covered with tossing hair appeared in the grayness. It rose higher and higher, until it was level with the edge of the cliff, and then the shapes became more solid, and a new procession, half lost in vapor, passed with uneven steps, but very slowly, and in the midst of each shadow was a something glittering in the starlight. They came nearer and nearer, and O'Sullivan saw that they also were lovers, and that they had heart-shaped mirrors instead of hearts, and looked into each other's mirrors incessantly, pondering upon their own faces.

They passed, sinking downwards as they passed, and other forms rose in their place, and these did not flit side by side, but followed one another with wild gestures. Those that fled were women with beautiful heads, full of an exquisite life, upon shadowy and bloodless bodies, and

about them their long hair wavered and trembled as though it lived with some deadly life. A sudden upswelling of the vapor hid them, and then a light momentary wind, come from the mountain, blew them away towards the north-west, and, as it did so, covered O'Sullivan with a white wing of vapour.

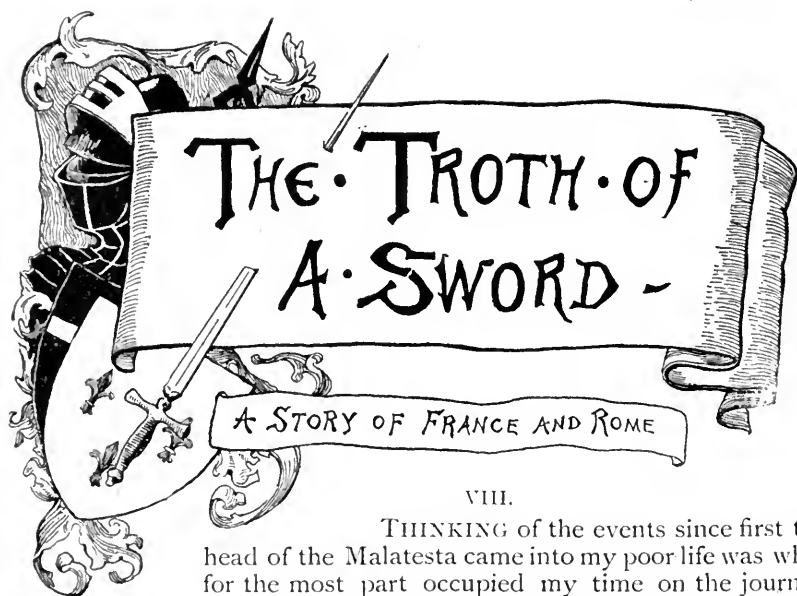
He stood up trembling, and was about to turn from the abyss, when he saw two dark and half-hidden forms standing in the air just beyond the verge, and one of them was looking from strangely appealing eyes. "Speak to me," it said at last in a woman's voice; "it is five hundred years since anyone, among men or among demons, has spoken to me."

He shook with terror and was silent, and the voice began again: "I will not harm you. Speak to me, and bid me speak. No one has listened to me for five hundred years."

"Who are those who have passed by?" he said.

"Those that passed the first," it answered, "are the famous lovers of old time, Blánid and Deirdre, and Grania, and their dear friends, and a multitude less known, but not less beloved; and because they sought in one another no blossom of mere youth, but a beauty coeval with the night and with the stars, the night and the stars hold them forever from the unpeaceful and the perishing, despite the battle and the bitterness their love wrought in the world. Those who came next, O man, who still breathe the sweet air, and have the mirrors in their hearts, are sung by no bards, because they sought only to triumph one over the other, and so to prove their strength and beauty, and fashioned out of this a kind of love. The women with shadowy bodies desired neither to triumph nor to love, but only to be loved, and there is no blood in their hearts or in their bodies until it flow through them from a kiss, and their life is but for a moment. All these are unhappy, but I am the unhappiest of all, for I am Devoadilla, and this is Dermond, and our sin brought the Norman into Ireland, and now none are punished as we are punished. We loved only the blossom of manhood and of womanhood in one another, the deciduous blossom of the dust, and not the eternal beauty. When we died, there was no inviolate world about us; the demons of the battles and bitterness we wrought pronounced our doom. We wander inseparable, but he who was my lover beholds me ever as a dead body dropping in decay, and I know that I am so beheld. Ask more, ask more, for the years have poured their wisdom into my heart, and no one has listened to me for five hundred years."

A great terror had fallen upon O'Sullivan, and, lifting his arms above his head, he shrieked three times; and the figure faded when he shrieked; and the cattle in the valley heard him, and lifted their heads and lowed; and the birds in the woods on the edge of Bulben awoke out of their sleep, and flew through the trembling leaves. But, a little below the edge of the cliff, the troop of petals still fluttered in the air, for the gateway of Eternity had opened and closed in a pulsation of the heart.



VIII.

THINKING of the events since first the head of the Malatesta came into my poor life was what for the most part occupied my time on the journey back to the inn. Cosimo accompanied us all the way, affairs of state demanding his presence in Florence early in the morning. We had not been long started when I noticed that Cahussac and Rimini were riding together, and this discovery made none the lighter the heavy condition of mind into which I had fallen. When at last we were arrived, the omens of ill had so possessed me that it was not until all the usual nightly precautions had been taken and the whole place again and again examined, that I at last sought my couch, hoping to obtain a few hours of repose before the setting out of the morrow.

Light sleeping had now become both necessary and habitual with me; the smallest sound coming from my own apartment, or from the stables, or from that quarter where the Lady Margaret was, sufficed to set me upon my feet on the instant. Now, on this night it seemed I had scarce laid my head upon the pillow when there came steps near to where I lay. Sitting up, I listened intently, but no further sound came. Again it seemed there was a momentary noise in the direction of the other sleeping apartments, but this too, I set down to overheated imagination. But at length I heard the frightened whining of one of the horses, and sounds that convinced me there was some excitement amongst them. Now alarmed to the utmost, I sprang up. My sword I whipped out instantly, and out into the hallway I ran as quietly as I could. Nothing arose to confirm the forebodings that had come upon me. Going down the hall I opened the door and looked out to the stables. Nothing yet appeared. Being now re-assured, I would have returned to rest, but it came to me that I should make certain about the

stables and the horses, for of these last we had none to spare. The night was very dark, so dark that scarce could I see before me where I went. At length I reached the stables and looked within. My own horse was there, and that of Mornas, and after that three others, all where they had been left. Then I saw that Cahussac's was gone, and then the Lady Margaret's, and, as I quickly discovered, that of Stephen the page. I shouted to the men who had been left in charge, but none answered. I found one of them and then another, but neither could I awaken. They had been drugged, one and all. Thereupon I rushed back to the house. In a trice everyone was stirring, all going sleepily about, inquiring the cause for commotion. I shook Mornas and told him my fears. Together we went to learn the worst—the Lady Margaret was gone.

When this fact was made sure to us the plight of Mornas was pitiable to behold. The Lady Margaret fled! and with Cahussac? Here was too much for his honorable soul. There was a bad gleam in his eyes as he turned at last from his musing, and with his head high up took command of the party which at once organized for a pursuit. Where he would go I did not stop to learn. He would seek out Cahussac I was certain, and what the end might be would come within two guesses. Both could not survive. But for my own part, I had other notions. It occurred to me that the absence of Stephen the page, was as note-worthy as that of Cahussac, and the more I reasoned upon events as I had daily observed them, the more did it appear unlikely that the gay young fellow was the prime mover. I could not but feel that we were in the shadow of him who had come upon us at the feast, the man who was feared, the Malatesta.

Slipping out, therefore, I took my horse and rode at once, middle of the night though it was, to the palace of Cosimo. Approaching, I was astonished to perceive that a light still shone in one of the upper windows. My loud rapping upon the door quickly brought a challenge from the night guard, to whom I explained that I must see the great Cosimo without delay. The fellow laughed at my assurance, telling me without any by-play that they who had business with the Medici waited the hours that were appointed to them, and that it was no small matter to incur the displeasure of the head of the family and of the State, by arousing him at so unseemly an hour. Moreover, Cosimo had sat up late with de Rimini, and would be all the worse tempered for it, as they of his household had learned at other such times. On this, I remembered the light in the window, and, luckily, at the same time, the ring Cosimo had that night given me. I therefore besought the guard to have the latter conveyed to his master should he not yet have retired.

Herein fortune favored me; before many minutes the guard came back and escorted me to a small room. Here I found the old man, strongly agitated as it seemed, looking haggard and excited. I told him briefly what had happened, adding my own theory, of which Mornas knew nothing, and telling also of the quarrel at Aulnac, the accident at the hunt, the disappearance of Stephen the page, and my suspicion that the presence of his own powerful guest was not without its bearing upon the case. I thought it strange that as my tale progressed, the face of the listener brightened, until as the full suspicion was broached,

he burst into a suppressed laughter and there was a look of triumph about him. He perceived my irritation.

"Do not condemn my mood," said he. "I have reason to think you are right. You need not know why, but this I may tell you. Florence needs the support of Rimini, but to-night Malatesta has been proposing terms that could never be accepted. I now understand why. He desires to leave Florence quickly and to be free of politics for a space. Well, we shall see. Here is money. You will need it. Pietro will introduce you to some good soldiers who know the country hereabouts. Take care for yourself. They will serve you or kill you as seems to them easiest. Leave your friends at the inn to themselves.



One cannot make confidants of a regiment. Now here is a plan you may look at. Twelve miles from Florence the road turns to the left. Six miles bring you to the mountains. On the hillside is a forest, and in the forest a chateau. How to get in you must discover for yourself. How to get out this chart may show you. Here is a writing that will be of service to you should you meet with the servants of Florence. Now farewell. I'll sleep well to-night and laugh at Malatesta in the morning. Faith, his armorial elephants are too slow for the times. Mind, you will find it not so easy to get out as to get in."

Half his directions were lost upon me. I thought only of my troopers and the mountain chateau. In ten minutes Pietro presented the soldiers to me. In another ten minutes we were beyond the gates of Florence. In an hour we were at the turning of the way, and dawn was rising above the hills.

As we turned to the eastward I called the men together for a minute to discover what knowledge they had of the country; but more I wished to know of what manner they were, and how they were to be dealt with. There were five of them, rascals all; men who had served under many masters, now fighting for Florence, now against her; to-day in the pay of the Medici, yesterday in the pay of their enemies. I gathered that while they rode out of Florence readily enough for what pay I could give, they would not hesitate to leave my body in the hedge if by so doing they could double the day's earning. Two of them looked more treacherous than the others. These I separated when the march was resumed. We went in double file. The oldest, and, as I thought, the best informed, I kept with me.

"Well, there are strange fortunes for soldiers. I never thought to

fight under a Frenchman. We had a Frenchman once when Sforza had been very successful. The Milan upstart left us nothing to forage. Sometimes we would come upon luck, and this Frenchman always got more of the eating than the rest of us. For me, when I see gold, I let meat wait, I mortify the flesh. Well, the Frenchman grew fat while the rest of us starved. One day we complained to Piccinino that we could not march for hunger; that the Frenchman ate all the meat. Poor Piccinino! He would not have one man living in luxury. It ruined discipline. So the arquebusiers made a target of him at two hundred paces. Yes, Manuëlo there, who owed him some money, sent a shot into his brain. Yes, a sad accident."

I kept an eye on Manuëlo.

"Piccinino? yes, the best of them all, poor little beggar that he was. There is a stream a few miles further on, just before you come to the hills. Well, one day Sforza was there on the hill commanding this road from the east, and Piccinino brought us along to dislodge him. I was ahead. 'General,' I said, 'they are two to one?' He was a little fellow, but he swore at me. 'We are not paid to count, but to fight.' 'General,' said I, 'they have the position.' You would laugh at him he was such a little fellow, 'You fool,' he said, 'we came here on purpose to take it.' Well, to please him we fought all day, but we never got across the bridge. Then we saw that the fight was lost, so about a hundred of us went over to Sforza. That made Piccinino angry. He made them lift him into the saddle, he was too small to climb up alone, and too weak in the legs. When we saw him leading across the bridge we cheered him, and in half an hour Sforza was beaten. Ah yes, something has transpired. You will do well to notice that Manuëlo has the hilt of his sword in his left hand, and that the blade is not in the scabbard."

I was riding with my sword held across the saddle. Manuëlo came up.

"Perhaps our Captain would wish to know that the chateau Peroli comes into sight at the next rise in the land. It is there." Manuëlo turned and pointed eastward with his sword. I did not see the need of this. Manuëlo turned swiftly, bringing his blade down on the spot where I had been; but I had thought of that, and caught Manuëlo fairly on the neck as he left it exposed.

"Ah," said my companion, stooping over his comrade

"that was a sad accident, Manuëlo!" The eyes opened. "Do you remember the Frenchman in Piccinino's company? Strange that our Captain should be also a Frenchman. Manuëlo! I am to take charge of



your effects for a time." This he was now doing. "Ah! Captain, Manuêlo did not practice the sword well. He was greedy. That was a good stroke of yours, Captain. Sometime you must teach it to me. Well, I will wait until you have spoken with Domenico, who is a brother of Manuêlo; then perhaps I shall learn two strokes."

"Meantime," said I, "as Domenico would no doubt prefer privacy, suppose you take the other side of the road." Domenico rode up. I told him Manuêlo had met with an accident. He rode straight at me, but he was angry; in any event my arm was the stronger, and he had not bargained for that. Lorenzo came back. "Domenico! I shall be your executor also. I always warned Manuêlo against the Frenchmen. Captain, you see how the greedy are afflicted. This gold is from the pocket of Manuêlo, this from the pocket of Domenico, and both from the pocket of de Rimini, who would have you join the saints. I must tell you that I have more of the same kind in my pocket. All very well for a day. But Lorenzo knows a good paymaster and sticks to old Cosimo. None the less, Captain, you have a good stroke."

After this he reverted to his stories of Piccinino, until we arrived at the spot where, as I remembered the chart, it was wise to wait and watch. We entered a belt of forest through which a narrow path penetrated. Where two huge trees stood guardians on either side we waited. There I bade the two troopers stay for us, returning to Florence if we should be delayed beyond noon. Then I took Lorenzo aside and told him I was worth more to him in gold alive than I could be dead, pointed out how Cosimo paid those who served him, and asked him fairly whether he would continue upon the present venture. He drove a hard bargain seeing that he had already despoiled his comrades, and then we started.

Before long we were within a few paces of a strongly built house, more like the fortress of a robber chieftain than the summer house of a citizen.

"My captain, it is easy for us. It is well to have served with Piccinino. We inspected everything. Now I know a way into that house that you would not guess. Moreover, we can learn more being inside. See here is a lion's mouth fountain, and beside it a statue of Mercury. He knew some secrets that same Mercury. Now mark how I turn his face away. Yes, there is an opening in the masonry of the fountain. Let us hope the passage has not been destroyed." Entering into this door of the fountain we carefully closed it after us, and began to feel our way along the passage to which it led. The way was rough. In places the masonry had fallen in, and at times even a little light entered from above. It seemed an immense time, but was really perhaps only a brief space, before Lorenzo clutched my arm to signify that we had attained something. He whispered that we were at the foot of a staircase. With every care we proceeded. The stairs led between two walls, and there was now no light whatever and we could hear nothing. Presently Lorenzo stopped. He had been sounding the walls as we went, and now announced in a whisper that we had reached a landing.

(To be Continued).



TO VIOLETS

Welcome maids of Honour,
You do bring
In the Spring
And wait upon her.

She hath Virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the Maiden-poesies,
And so graced
To be placed
Fore-damask-Roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie
Poor-Girls-neglected.

R. HERRICK

THE PARISH OF ST. THECLA.

By E. M. Kelly.

LIFE in the parish of St. Thecla should be quiet and even. The people are never idle, never tired, never in a hurry. The place never changes, and there are those who say it is the loveliest spot on earth. Five miles away, if you follow the river, lies the city of Desbarats, with its factories along the water front, saw mills, cedar mills, shingle mills, car factories, chemical works. Of all the logs that come down from "the Company's" timber limits in the spring, not a shaving is wasted, and the thrifty inhabitants are proud of it. St. Thecla's is but five miles away, but those five miles are the space between the poles. Desbarats is full of the bustle of the life of the world. When you come to St. Thecla's you forget the outer world altogether.

In St. Thecla's, it is true more than one boy has felt the bounding of his pulse in the springtime, and looking up at the stars, wondered whether they in their courses have not looked down on men whose labor was sweeter and richer in promise; many have gone forth to learn the ways of the strange world; not a few have stolen back to the valley, footsore and weary, broken on the wheel before the walls of the city they had gone out so valiantly to conquer.

It is seventy years or more since a band of Irish pioneers came to St. Thecla's and gave it the name it bears. Out in the quiet grassy churchyard stand a thick and motley crowd of grave stones, bearing remote dates and carved with Celtic names, and underneath these tablets the bones of many of the pioneers have long ago crumbled into dust. Over the water, in many an old country village, the same names are remembered in prayers; or perhaps the generation that knew them has passed and they are forgotten. Once in a way, when there is a feel in the air as when the spring comes in Erin, there is a look in the eyes of the old folk, and they seem but older children away from the home they love. There is something far over that the heart yearns for, as though the dust that came from there so long ago would go back to rest in the bosom of its mother earth. For the rest, the parish is an Irish Catholic community. On St. Patrick's Day there is high mass in the morning; then the youth sing "God save Ireland" in a whole-souled fashion; the maidens wear great bunches of shamrocks in their belts, and for the good of their little undertakings seek the aid of the saint in novenas.

Nevertheless the old fervor that came from the Isle of Saints is sadly modified. There is less of the spiritual about the devotion of the generations that have come after. Perhaps prosperity by removing the burdens that were felt of old has caused them to turn their backs upon the benignant religious exercises that were the sole comfort of those gone before. Certainly one does not now realize by mere association that this people sees the hand of God everywhere, as of old they did. His blessing is no longer invoked upon every project, nor is simple, grateful recognition of

His mercies and benefits so often on the lips. Still, the people are good Catholics; nearly four-quarters of them go to mass every Sunday, none of them abuse Father O'Brien, except behind his back (and what he never knows never troubles him), and, as many can afford silver mounted harness, the church dues are pretty faithfully paid. The old stock and the old fervor are indeed passing away, but of the new conditions it is wise not to judge harshly lest we judge rashly.

After all there is an old world touch about life in St. Thecla's. Every season has its work, and every day its duties. To do the work of Tuesday on any other day would be not less foolish than to plough and plant in December. Most people regard innovations as dangerous. The children play old games; the boys and girls dance old fashioned dances; the people sing old, old songs, and adhere religiously to customs of every kind. If a young man leaves home for elsewhere, old people shake their heads at his lack of contentment, and his young friends go back, untroubled, to their tasks.

These departures have, however, given rise to an evil which most people fail to recognize because it is always before their eyes. The girls grow old unmarried. By far the most important representatives of public opinion are a body of old maids, who give judgment upon all points. But the community will not be forever ruled by women, so there have arisen local philosophers, of whom two are special rivals. First there is Mr. Redmond, who was sometime the jolly host of a hotel in an adjacent town. Then having nothing to do but sit and watch the golden river flowing in upon him, he waxed fat and rubicund, showing a round rosy face to the troubles of life, and frightening them off with a laugh and a song. Now he has become a land-holder; he has grown into the dignity of a Prince Albert coat and a Gladstone carriage; he has taken to costly experiments in agriculture and in Colonial mansions, and through it all he has shrunk and shrivelled until the appearance of his once jolly countenance is now like that of "wrinkled skins on scalded milk." He is also in the nature of things a politician, and is consistently and persistently "agin the government." He occupies the president's chair in the Patron councils of Pevensy County, and in this capacity delivers monthly harangues on the iniquity of non-productive, ornamental senators, and their logical complement, the ornamental governors "who enjoy, at the expense of the honest farmer, all the luxuries of the market, including game in its season."

The rival seer is one Doctor O'Malley, a physician of the old school, a man whose appearance is cadaverous to a degree and whose medicines are of the bitterest procurable. He scorns the new methods of sugaring drugs, and deals out his compounds from a dingy office, reeking with all the odors of the pharmacopœia. In his spare hours he has taken to the study of astronomic phenomena and occasionally indulges in prophecy, mainly having to do with the advent of hurricanes, or the end of the world. The people, knowing his cures, respect his intellect, and excepting at election times he holds his own with his more worldly rival.

To these figures must, of course, be added that of Father O'Brien, who has, indeed, much greater personal following than either or both of them. But the remaining person of prominence is, unhappily, a woman. She is the widow Daly, whose husband, Cornelius, has long ago departed

the flesh. Poor old Con did much while he lived to keep alive the race traditions. In that time there were plenty of those old men in blue derry over-shirts and with the broadest of brogues, and old women in black dresses and spotless neck-kerchiefs. Con's ways were not gentle; his face was covered with knobs like those on his white-thorn stick; his coat was rusty from long usage and much brushing. But under this exterior throbbed a true, tender heart. His was a nature pure, clear, fanciful as the beauty of a sunbeam dance on a Munster lake, generous and steadfast as the storied mountains whose praises he sang. Dear old Cornelius, may the lonely rains and the regretful in-blowing winds keep your corner of the churchyard ever green and lovely; may the benediction of St. Thecla's warm, grey shadow appease in your dust the stirring of the exile's heart-hunger for home, and if it be that spirits may be permitted to cross over land and sea, may you be allowed one glimpse of Mayo before going home "for good." His good old wife, welcome at every fireside, sowed in the hearts of the children of a dozen families the transplanted seeds of Celtic virtues, and trained and twined round the pillars of truth countless charming, harmless legends of our sires' generosity and patience and bravery, of their simple faith in God and charity towards man, of the every-day beauty of self-denial, purity, neighborliness, love of the clergy, obedience to the Church. Beautiful and brave were the nights we spent with both of them, listening to tales of fairies and spirits, of the rogueries of the leprachaun. Never a sage could convince us that the globe of fire breaking over O'Carrol's marsh at night was anything else than a manifestation of the power of evil spirits. One sad day we followed the coffin of the poor old lady into the churchyard, every man of the parish, and every able woman, being present. A couple of years afterwards the old man married a much younger woman, but he did not stay long, and now lies with his life-mate there in the corner.

When Mrs. Daly the second came into undivided possession, Con's farm was a valuable possession. She was an energetic woman, often taking charge of the whole conduct of the parochial entertainments. She was jolly and good humored, with a touch of the over-bearing, and a favorite with the young folk for her readiness to entertain them. All might have gone well, were it not that on a day of misfortune, while Mrs. Daly was on a visit to some friends, the Governor-General came to Desbarats. From that day forth Mrs. Daly was a changed woman. Appearing before His Excellency with those high feathers flaunting from her picture hat, and having shaken of the vice-regal hand, worked the destruction of peace in the parish of St. Thecla. Since that day the bearing of Mrs. O'Malley towards her husband's patients is humility itself compared with Mrs. Daly's treatment of her neighbors. Sometimes she still gives a party, but her guests are from the city of Desbarats and, once in a way, the cream of those who live "in front of the river."

The river is the widest, freshest, loveliest of exquisite rural waters. It winds in a deep gorge; lines of sturdy trees border its banks, elm, hickory and walnut, their strong, rugged roots bared by the spring floods; in their shade nestle dwarf willows and saplings of silver maple, joyous and sparkling, bending over to look in the depths of the river. The fragrance of peace exhales from the murmuring current, and floats out from over-hanging treetops. In the mind of many a wanderer the remain-

brance of the river wakes other bitter-sweet memories of summer noons when the world was young, and life and glory were in the future, and the side of the water was a pleasant place to plan. On no other bit of green sward in creation, of equal unimportance to those outside, have there been more wishes wished, more vows vowed, more wild, beautiful, impossible hopes formed, than on the banks of St. Thecla's river.

Nevertheless, with all its charms, it is a grievance, a palpable mistake on the part of nature. But for it there would be no dividing line in the parish. Its kindly currents are turned into waters of bitterness. Its fountain-head, once the well-spring of harmony, now sends out a tide poisoned by rivalry and disagreement. The rickety, picturesque bridges where once the ancient maidens met to fish and gossip now know them no more. The silver maples laugh no more to themselves over these Humans' predictions. The feud is more bitter than the Wars of the Roses, for a knight has been known to spare, but a woman, never. Since Mrs. Daly began her misdeeds, "the front" and "the back" have been rivals. St. Thecla's pic-nic is become an occasion of dissensions and heart-burnings; the dining enclosure is divided against itself—two fires, two sets of tables, two bands of pretty waiters whose once angelic expression is now marred by traces of jealousy and suspicion, two sets of diners. The salt of the earth enjoy dishes of aristocratic sound and elusive flavor at the tables of "the front"; hungry plebeians devour old-fashioned lemon pie and chicken at the tables of "the back."

The first attitude of "the backs" towards Mrs. Daly was one of good humored disbelief. They made her a dozen excuses from their charity. They were obstinately friendly. But in the end the breach widened. Sensible people have hoped that Mrs. Daly would run away with one of her bank clerk admirers; but she has not done so. The feud has at last invaded the churchyard. Mrs. Daly has taken to growing nasturtiums on old Con's grave.

HIDE-AND-SEEK IN BEECHCROFT.

By Frank C. Donovan.

"JOHNNY! John-ny!" A woman's voice, harsh and forbidding, broke out in shrill declamation, "Did you feed the pigs?"

"No, ma'am." Johnny admitted that he had not fed them but protested they were not hungry; in which venture he was doubtless wrong. Poor Johnny had just turned fourteen that afternoon and was moreover just awakened to the fact that Lena Power was a girl of great beauty, a very pretty girl indeed. Up on the mountain side they two were, he idling out the pleasant, sultry summer's day, she careening in the hammock swung between giant beech trees. Johnny's grandmother was a scold, not from malice, but by nature, and it was none of her thought to make the boy's disagreeable task any the easier. Moreover, as he reluctantly started up, a badly suppressed titter from the hammock

made matters worse, and the burning red was in his face and unwilling tears were in his eyes as he descended slowly to his work.

Johnny had formed his own ideas of beauty. Inside the house he was passing sat five old women, wrinkled and toothless all, wagging their heads and wobbling their hands at each other. Contentedly they were making shrouds, measuring and fitting each other with gruesome precision. These were his relatives, the only women his life had known till now, and there was love in his heart for them. Down in the lake he could see the deer lolling in the limpid waters. He saw, too, the gray clouds, light and fleecy, mirrored in its blue depths, and he felt the beauty of nature and the homeliness of his life and his people's.

When he had fed the pigs he came back for further orders but did not wait to receive them. He went past the house and up the hill.

"Drat that boy, I believe he's gone crazy. Every spare minnit he's a runnin' after that hussy. Thank goodness, she be goin' to-morrer, an' I'll take no more summer boarders. This is no place for the likes of them anyhow."

To-morrow came, and Lena and her mother left with a kindly word for all, and down the road Johnny watched the old lumbering wagon go until it passed behind the hill, and then a great blank came upon him and spread itself over everything. Stealing out into the field he lay down among the corn, and there he stayed until presently the tasseled corn lifted its waving leaves and showed him pretty faces crowned with fair hair that smiled at him from every stalk. And thus he dreamed on, until the shrill call to duty drew him unwillingly forth.

Many a boy would have had his revenge upon the poor pigs, but this one had had wakings of a nobler nature within him, and as he stirred the meal a perplexity was with him asking whether it was needful he should do this always. A flash of indignation leaped to his eyes as he remembered the laugh from the hammock and thought of the poor figure he must have made, going bare-footed down the hill, a red patch on his gray trousers, his elbow gleaming through the frayed sleeve.

In a matter of ten years, Lena came again, and this time the flame was fanned until it roared within him and no peace could he get. She went, but the happiness of his home was fled. The old folk saw the cruelty of his suffering, the anguish of his unspoken grief, and there came to them a great sorrow that lasted until the time came when the Finger rested upon them, and they passed to the fulness of life.

Meantime Johnny had been busy. He knew an hour a day given to his books would lighten the hard labor. And now he loved his farm; every tree whispered its love to him and the stones besought him with their clinging strength. Many a one looked kindly upon him but no love had he to give. Love was dead or asleep, he knew not which. Neither, in time, could he read any more, and his strength seemed slipping from him. But with the energy that was of his nature he held fast upon hope, and wrote to her. With the consciousness of his own capability growing upon him, he realized that it rested with himself whether he would succeed, and he knew that until his heart was at rest the world held nothing for him. The country is a bad place for anyone with a

great grief. There is too much leisure in which to nurse it and no distraction for heart and brain. When the snow had begun to sprinkle the fir trees he could bear up no longer, and in bitterness and hope wrote all the love that was in his heart and asked her to be his wife. A word was what he asked of her ; and the word she sent was "No."

He was not crushed. His brave and simple nature accepted the refusal as his due. But out of his soul passed the spirit of peace and an unknown strength developed in him. His face changed with his mind, and the genius he was cultivating left its impress upon his features. His faith in himself, unknown before, ripened daily, until in short time fame and wealth came to him. But fame and wealth, all that the world could give, rebounded from an empty heart.

On the deck of an incoming Atlantic liner, Lena Power lay wrapped about in comfort. Her mind reverted to a summer not long ago, and out of the past she saw the clear, calm face and honest eyes that had looked at her so under the beech trees. Right so she fell to musing upon the past, and it may be there was a tinge of remorse in her. She knew she should not have encouraged him, but she reflected that he should have known there could be no serious ending to it. He should have realized the difference in their positions. She thought of the poor old women gone out of the world, their hearts bitter against her. A sense of humiliation came upon her and leaning back she closed her eyes to see it all more clearly. Marry him? No. She could not have done that, with his odd ways and his queer quarrelsome relatives. You cannot change a country man. Had he been educated—well? Yes, had he been educated and polished she would have married him. So, she had found the truth. She had loved him—but herself better perhaps. It is often so.

Now she knew why she was glad to be coming home ; she wanted news of him. And still waiting she went with her friends to the entertainment. The curtain rose, and in time one came forward who smiled and bowed to the throng that had come to welcome him. Her heart leaped as she saw him. What she saw was the hillside at Beechcroft and a clear face and a pair of beseeching eyes looking up at her. And her soul brimmed with joy and sorrow intermingled as she heard his matchless story of the lovers, and more than all others she was swayed by the sadness and anon the merriment. Then at last he ceased and the mighty shout went up, when a moment of silence had succeeded the last lines which told how love had returned too late.

"For the strong true heart with its pulse unstirred
Lies hushed in the silence yonder."

In his morning mail was a square white envelope addressed in a woman's hand. It said, "I was present last night. Give me back my 'No' and let me help you feed the pigs." Long he looked upon the note. The turmoil on his soul was anguish. But in the bright summer weather they were married and went back to Beechcroft. There the busy world finds him when at times it clamors for his presence.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURTS.

By James E. Day.

IT would not be an easy task to reckon what would be the loss to literature were there removed from the regions of romance all those tales which involve excursions into the Courts of Law, or were we to remove from our beloved book friends those who have been in the law and of the law. Before the present inundation of morbid books, the chief delight of the novel reader was to follow through page and chapter the unravelling of the warp of some deep crime, till in the long sensational trial, remorseless fate in the shape of a lawyer in wig and gown in an utterly impossible, improper and leading examination, straightened out the crooked ways and the Law Courts bade justice prevail and love be nappy. But in this there is this one thing most peculiar, namely, that the reader who nowadays wants to know and understand every line, is willing, as soon as the scenes of his story are laid in places of law, to stand by in a sort of mystic ignorance, and to flounder hopelessly in a sea of terms, neither understanding why the characters of his book get into Court, or what they are doing when they are there or why they do it. Take but two prominent writers, Dickens and Scott, whose books are filled with law and lawyers, lawyers' clerks and sheriff's officers, and every variety of the men who are born, bred and die in the Courts of the law, who lend to the law by turns honor, disgrace, pathos and humor, and who borrow from it maxims, customs, dress, names and ideas; take these writers in whose books we wander from the mystic Inns of Court to the Country Solicitors' offices, and visit every court from that of the stupid Country Justice, or the intensely human old Bailey, to the dry-as-dust labyrinths of the never ceasing mills of Chancery; take their books and through all these scenes of law the average reader passes and does not hope or expect to understand, but appears to like the tale the more because there is a little mystery in it all. I am not blaming him, for in these days of newspapers to print your family secrets, electric lights to illuminate one's interior arrangements, and Roentgen rays to photograph the letters in your pocket and even the marrow of your bones, it is pleasant to run across something that we do not know all about. In the infinite multitude of courts, officers, names, and details that have grown up to meet the changing needs of a people that has gone from the democracy of barbarism and poverty, through all the intervening stages to the democracy of wealth and civilization, there is a field of research by the general world untouched, interesting from its so thoroughly permeating all our literature and our life, interesting in its quaint detail, and most interesting of all in its philosophic history. I will not venture to suggest a path for the seeker into it, but nothing better could be said than to suggest to such as are interested in human nature or human habits, in history, antiquities or literature, what a field there is for profitable and intensely interesting research in the study of how the very complex relations of human life and our people's development, acted on

by foreign influences, have framed the laws which govern our every outward act, have formed the system by which is regulated our civilization, this organization which is so extremely artificial that it has become natural.

The centre and origin of justice in our system, and the one in whom is the duty and right of administering the laws, is of course the sovereign. In early Saxon times there was a system of courts of graduated importance, the lowest and most ancient of all being the Hundred Moot held in every district, and the next the Shire Moot for the whole county, presided over by the bishop and the ealdorman, the decisions of which were carried out by the reeve of the shire, as indeed to this day the shire-reeve or sheriff enforces the law in his own county. This in its turn was subject to the assembly of the leading men of the kingdom both lay and spiritual, called the Witenagemote, the word meaning the council mote, of the wise men (Witan), which was presided over by the king himself, he having however only an equal vote with the other lords. Under the Norman system this was replaced by the council of the king, which consisted of his barons, (the word baron simply meant "man," who however possessed only an advisory power, the king's word being supreme. They met daily, making the law on one day and administering it on another, and, gradually, for convenience sake deputing the administering of certain branches of the law to committees of their own members, which committees became the nuclei of several of the courts. The interference of the king with the procedure and decisions of these committees or courts grew gradually less and less, until there came a time when owing to the disuse of his judicial powers for a century or so, the courts were able to decide, in the reign of James I., that the king had lost his power of trying a case by himself without the assistance of his judges. This council of the king, which in time changed its name and becoming the House of Lords was and is a recognized part of the British constitution, always kept its judicial functions and has them to-day, being the highest Court of Appeal in England. It has always been the custom to make the leading judges members of the House of Lords, where they were called the Law Lords, and now all appeals to the House of Lords in matters of law are heard by the Law Lords, who report to the House their decision. However, until 1844, every Peer had a right to hear and vote on every appeal, but in that year on the occasion of the celebrated appeal of Daniel O'Connell, from the decision of a corrupt Irish Court, the other Lords voluntarily waived in favor of the Law Lords for that and future appeals, their right of interference on matters of appeal, the first decision under the new arrangement being, I believe, the liberation of the Liberator. The Lords retain many other judicial powers however, but most of them are not of immediate interest to us. Peers accused of treason and felonies must be tried by the other peers, who, by the way, give the verdict not on their oaths but on their honor, and this right can not be waived, as Lord Graves found in 1887.

As the number of barons increased, the select council of the king, consisting of certain of their members, grew up, becoming known as the Privy Council. It early had delegated to it the judicial power of the king, and continued to try cases too important for the ordinary courts and not important enough for the House of Lords. The power grew up

also of hearing appeals from the king's other courts, and when the House of Lords became too independent or too unwieldy to be managed in the desired direction, the Privy Council became a great judicial power under the name of the Star Chamber. In the early part of this century Parliament created a judicial committee of the Privy Council and took away its old powers, leaving to it practically only the duty of hearing appeals from the Ecclesiastical Courts in England and appeals from the colonies to the sovereign. The theory of these appeals is that while in England courts can be created now only by Parliament, yet in colonies and conquered countries it is the king's prerogative to make courts and, of course, to hear appeals from his own courts. The Privy Council itself consists of a large number of persons of all ranks, whom the sovereign has called to his private council to avail himself of their advice, and the Judicial Committee consists of four paid Privy Councillors, and all the Lords of Appeal, and such judges of the English Court of Appeal as may happen to be Privy Councillors, and any other Privy Councillors who have held high Judicial office. This does not extend to colonial judges, though it was said to have been the intention in making Sir John Thompson a Privy Councillor to make him a member of the Judicial Committee, he having been a judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. They do not consider themselves a court, and hold their sessions in a committee room, sitting around a long table with a vacant chair at the head for the Queen, in whose absence, (and she is always absent), the senior Privy Councillor is chairman. No gowns or wigs are worn, and an argument before them is as enjoyable for the spectators as poking sticks at a caged bear, for the unfortunate counsel, when he has finished his opening sentences, standing up in the side benches, does little more than try to answer a rain of questions on all sides from the members of the committee, who having read the case and papers beforehand, want no speeches and question him and argue away among themselves, now and then allowing the counsel to get a word in edgewise. The majority report is adopted but the minority report is not given out.

After the House of Lords and Privy Council, the oldest court is the Court of Exchequer, which was originally a committee of the king's barons, who looked after his accounts and saw that the reeve of each county made up his accounts properly. The cloth on the table where they sat was covered with squares like a chequer board, and on these squares the counters were placed and the accounts reckoned up, and this chequered room or court gave the court its name. The court was divided into two parts, the administrative side which kept the king's accounts, and the judicial side which administered justice when a dispute arose involving the revenues. The Lord High Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer presided until the offices were divided. On account of its having to deal with the country reeves its proceedings were carried on in English, while, until a comparatively short time ago, the proceedings in all the other Common Law Courts were carried on in Norman French, which came to be called in time Law French, and in Chancery in Latin. The judges of this Court of Exchequer being originally barons remained so, until in 1841 the Court in England was joined with the Court of Chancery, but though barons they were not averse to increasing their revenues by adding to their business if they

could do so, that is in the early days when the salary of the judges consisted of the fees which were paid by the suitors. They had jurisdiction only in matters affecting the king's revenue, but by a simple device they got around that, and if John Smith wanted to sue John Jones, and preferred the Exchequer Court, he or his attorney came to the court and alleged that he had some claim against Jones which Jones would not discharge, whereby he, Smith, was unable to pay his contribution to the king's revenues, and he petitioned that the court order Jones to attend and that they would look into it; and so to protect the king's revenue (and incidentally their own), the court would issue a writ commanding Jones' attendance, and when this was got the court did the rest. This proceeding was abolished in 1832 and 1839, (although for centuries the reason for it was gone), and the court itself in England ceased to be in 1880, when the Judicature Act consolidated all the courts. The judges of this court never took assizes or criminal matters but only matters of law. In reading of this court we must not confuse it with the Court of Exchequer Chamber, which was the name at different times given to a Court of Appeal in which sat judges from various courts to hear appeals, before there was instituted a general Court of Appeal.

In Canada the Exchequer Court is a court which decides cases in which subjects make claims against the Crown as far as it is represented by the Dominion Government. The Sovereign of the Dominion could not be asked to account in a court constituted by a province which has no jurisdiction over any other queen than the queen of that province. It is concerned chiefly with cases of contractors against the Dominion Government, cases attacking patents granted by the Dominion and claims against the Intercolonial Railway which is owned by the Dominion. There is only one judge, Mr. Justice Burbidge, who goes all over the country trying cases wherever and whenever the parties are ready for trial.

The next court which was established in England was the Common Pleas Court, the people's court, which was originally a committee to which the king delegated all disputes between subject and subject in which he was not a party. This was the great fountain of the law, as Coke put it, the lock and key of the Common Law. The Norman barons and clerics always followed the king wherever he went through the kingdom, and the other courts went with him, but by the Magna Charta it was laid down that the Common Pleas shall not follow the king but be held in a fixed place. It was fixed at Westminster, which was an enormous benefit to the court, and there, away from the king and his foreign advisers, there grew up a school of lawyers who made the common law of England, which with all its unbending stiffness was a very good system, too. This court continued until a few years ago when all the courts were merged into one, though in Canada we retain the old names partly for the sake of convenience in dividing work and partly on account of a reluctance to abandon old forms.

The old court of the King's Hall was thus divided into three divisions, the third and highest being the latest to be definitely established, the Court of the King's Bench. Its functions were to try matters where the king himself was concerned, such as wrongs and crimes which did harm to the king's peace and his dignity, and it was always the

Chief Criminal Court of England. It managed as well as the Exchequer Court did to encroach on the domain of the Court of Common Pleas, and to extend its jurisdiction to matters between subject and subject. Breaches of the peace in counties where the king was not personally present were attended to at the assize or sessions, but breaches in Middlesex were a direct breach of the king's peace. So in whatever part of the kingdom the defendant might be, all the plaintiff used to do to get his complaint attended to in the Court of Queen's Bench, was to allege that the defendant had committed a trespass in Middlesex and also had done him a wrong by whatever the real cause of action was. Thereupon this king issued a writ to the sheriff to take the defendant's body and put him in prison in Middlesex to answer the charge of trespass and also the real cause of action. On the defendant undertaking to answer both charges he was released, sometimes on certain conditions or on bail, and the real cause was tried. By the Judicature Act of England, the Courts of Exchequer and Common Pleas are now merged into the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice.

A word should be said about the famous Court of Chancery. As the common law system developed, the system was made more and more rigid, and in consequence was absolutely unsuited to the needs of a people who were advanced in wealth and craft. The Roman law, however, which had been codified by Justinian at a time when that people had reached their highest development, contained most of the laws necessary for a complex civilization. You could, at common law, seize nothing but what you could get your hands on; the common law recognized no trusts, and refused to allow a wife an existence apart from her husband. These are but two or three instances of the truth that every law by reason of its universality must work injustice in many cases; but of this, unfortunately, the Common Law Courts took no heed. As a measure of relief, the king by virtue of his kingly power, always had the right, on petition to him, to have equity done. The king's chancellor in those days of yore always was a cleric, who naturally knew more than the warrior king, and to him this power of doing equity was very soon delegated. His jurisdiction gradually increased and he dispensed equity according to the canon law whenever he found it necessary. Parliament, which appears to have always had an insular distrust of the canon law, kept constantly checking him, but despite the law the necessities of a new and complex civilization kept demanding increase in his powers, and his powers increased correspondingly until we have a complete court for the purpose of administering the law modified by equity, and based on the theory that it is the king himself who is acting according to his conscience and his duty. The result of this theory and manner of formation, was that this court was never hampered by forms, and that it could enforce obedience from all, even the most powerful, and as its business was to get justice it did what the other courts did not, and both allowed the parties to give evidence and could force them to do so, allowed them to be questioned beforehand and was able to cope with fraud. By 1393 we find the Chancellor's power unquestioned and its forms and procedure almost established, a simple procedure which is in force to-day. The great trouble with the court was that there could only be one judge hearing at once, for he heard the

case not as judge of a court but as the king or rather the keeper of the king's conscience. The Chancellor had a clerk and deputy who kept control of the records and was called the Master of the Rolls, but he could only act as deputy, and when the Chancellor was sitting he could not sit. The result was an accumulation of cases which caused a delay that has since made the name of Chancery synonymous with never ending slowness. In 1621 there were 13,000 cases in arrears, but not until 1813 was a Vice-Chancellor appointed, and in 1841 there were two more created. The court is now the Chancery Division of the High Court, where such matters as would have been chancery matters are now attended to.

PETERSON'S FOLLY.

By Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton.)

SARAH PETERSON went to live in a log house when she was married. The tongues of the whole concession wagged over it, for Sarah had tossed her head and declared she'd never marry a man who hadn't a big house to take her to. But that was when she was just out of her teens, and, at that age girls often say foolish things which older folks are unwise enough to remember.

Sarah had the reputation of being above the average country girl because she "read so much." In fact she did gallop her eyes over the pages of a number of books, which was a little worse than wasting the time. In these books the happiest people always had the largest houses, and these houses had wide fire-places, French windows, wide verandahs, croquet lawns and tennis courts. Sarah was decided that her future dwelling must equal them. But time went on and she grew older. Young farmers with big houses or money enough to build or buy them did not live on the middle road, the Back Concession, Dundas street, or the ninth line, and these were the boundaries of Sarah's little world.

John Peterson was what the countryside terms, "a likely fellow." His father had a good house and barns and two-hundred-and-fifty acres of good land. He deeded John the lower hundred the day he was twenty-one, and all the girls, except Sarah, in the township were nice to the young man. For that reason he paid more attention to Sarah, but she held very firmly to her idea of the big house. Eight years went by, and then John and Sarah compromised. True, he had only money enough to build a tidy frame house, but she was fond of him, and she was nearly thirty.

"Couldn't we fix up the old log house on the place?" said Sarah. "It would do for a while, and then with savin' the house money you've got, an' addin' to it, we'd be able to build a big one, with French windows and a verandah and a croquet lawn, after a few years."

John was fired with enthusiasm, and Sarah began to see her big house every time she shut her eyes. She pictured it standing on the ten acres that fronted the Back Concession, and after much calculation they decided they could build it in five years. Then the pinching and saving began. All the work they could do themselves was done. Every shift to save a dollar they commended one to the other. Sarah toiled in the house and slaved in the fields. Their food was the produce they could not sell. Their clothing the cheapest that was to be found, and it was always paid for it in butter, eggs or chickens. Sarah's market basket was in lieu of a purse. She rarely saw money and never handled it. According to the old way John had the pockets—not that he spent much, though. The little labor he had to get for the harvest and haying was paid for with a bag of potatoes, a sack of flour, a side of pork or a quarter of mutton. The money that came in for the cattle and sheep, the wheat, hay, alsike clover and apples, went straight into the bank, and on Saturday nights John and Sarah sat up late to fumble a stubby pencil over a piece of wrapping paper.

Two little babies came to the Peterson's, but they did not stay long. No one exactly blamed Sarah for their deaths, but the old doctor said he was glad they died, for there was no comfort for either "young 'uns or grown-ups" at Peterson's. Sarah took no time for womanly fussing about the house. They had only a bare existence—enough food to satisfy their hunger—enough clothing to keep them warm if they moved quickly. One Saturday night, seven years after they were married, it was decided that the house might be begun. John rather inclined to the idea that a comfortable brick house, which was not too large, would be better than too many rooms and too much decoration.

But Sarah's mind bent only in the one direction. Each time John argued for a compact house her face blanched. She felt a chill creep over her body and something tweaking at her heart.

"After all these years, I can't give it up John," she cried—"I can't and I won't," and John let her have her way.

Slowly the great brick house, with the turrets and deep French windows, rose on the ten acres that fronted the Back Concession. It would cost a little more than they had intended, but they could soon make it up they said one to the other. It was a busy summer for John. He worked in the fields and worried over the house, and for a while everything went smoothly enough. Then there came a dreadful day when the builder told them that another five hundred dollars would be added to the cost.

John remonstrated, and the builder suavely told him, there was a misunderstanding about the finishing. The perplexed farmer turned on his heel and walked off. His patience was worn to the quick, and his heart was troubled about the money. The grain was giving only half a yield, and the potatoes had the dry rot. He began to see that he and Sarah had bartered everything they had and all they could hope for in many years to come, for the great pile of red brick, with its gables and cupolas, and its wide verandah.

Sarah's face paled and hardened when John told her. "Let him finish up the downstairs," she said wearily. "We'll live in it till we can fix the rest."

It was spring time when the Petersons moved their few poor belongings to the big house. They had always meant to furnish throughout when they went there; but they had to set themselves to the utmost rigor in living to pay for their unfinished house. Sarah's mind was always busy with the furnishing and decorations. On Sunday afternoons, when John was sleeping, she would take the key and let herself into the great empty drawing-room. It had only the first coat of plaster. The chimney-piece yawned for its fittings, the windows were glazed, but the frames were unpainted, and there were shavings on the floor and an odor of new wood and fresh plaster filled the air. Upstairs the walls were still bare brick. The rafter-beams darkened as the years went by, and the temporary flooring leaped and swung under her footsteps. John would not go into the unfinished part, but Sarah never missed a Sunday. In the hot summer days she grew red-faced in the stuffy atmosphere, in the winter her numbed hands could scarcely hold fast the ladder by which she reached the second floor. But she walked as in a dream, arranging and re-arranging the furniture she imagined herself possessed of, and arguing with herself as to colors, prices and qualities.

One night John shivered over the stove. "I'm that cold," he said apologetically, for the Petersons did not allow their whims to over-ride their regulations regarding fuel.

He stirred the stick, and looked indecisively towards the woodbox.

"No use putting more on now—we won't be up long," Sarah said.

John shut the door, and spread his hands over the stove lids till they nearly touched them.

In the morning he had a fever, and complained of pains that gnawed into his back and limbs. He dragged himself through his morning chores and then gave up.

"I'm goin' to die," he whimpered, for his strong frame had never before felt the slightest touch of disease.

"It's only a cold, I guess," said Sarah, but she tended him all day with the homely panaceas of country homes—hot foot-baths, catnip tea and goose oil. At night he was worse. Conjestion soon gave way to a severe inflammation of the lungs, and a week afterwards the big house held only the desolate widowed Sarah and the Widow Perkins who had come to bear her company, and who wept incessantly, half for sympathy with the bereaved woman, half because of her own reminiscent sorrow.

In the spring the farm had to be given out "on shares." It seemed to Sarah she was being robbed whenever the poor man who worked the land took his rightful and hard-earned share of the produce. She grew discouraged. The key of the unfinished part hung on its nail from week's end to week's end. On Sunday afternoons she tried to sleep as John had done. Her face grew thin and pale in the autumn, and she coughed. The winter was a long and severe one, yet morning after morning the hard-featured woman ploughed through the snowdrifts to the barn to see to her chickens and turkeys and milk her cow. She grew weaker, but fought the weakness with an energy that was suicidal. The cough deepened. Her cheeks hollowed, and the red fatal spot burned in them. One morning she could not rise, and the Widow Perkins came to take care of her.

"I guess I'm goin' to die," Sarah said.

"I guess you be," replied her nurse in her plain-spoken way.

"Seems 'sef me and poor John didn't do much for anybody," the sick woman went on.

"Well ye both worked hard anyway," was the answer; for along the Back Concession laziness was counted the unforgivable sin.

"We didn't hev much time for anything," Sarah went on. "Seems to me 'sef I might hev kept my babies ef I took time to coddle 'em like other folks do. But we were both so busy—we didn't even git time to be fond of each other."

"I guess ye did yer duty" was the comforting reply, for the Widow Perkins was very prosaic.

Death came quickly to the disappointed, disheartened woman, and it was only a fortnight before poor Sarah lay beside her husband.

The farm, according to John's will, was again joined to his father's, and a laborer lived in the house.

It is still unfinished. Its blank windows stare, its unpainted cornices and verandah darken with time, and weaken with wind and weather. The great desolate structure is the only monument to poor Sarah and her husband. Through the length and breadth of the countryside it is called "Peterson's Folly."



FRANK POWER OF KHARTOUM.

By John J. O'Shea.

ONE of the most genial and guileless of that genus who have "greatness thrust upon them," was the late Frank Dublin Power. He was one of the companions of Gordon Pasha in the disastrous Soudan expedition, and one of those who fell along with Colonel Stewart on the Nile, when Khartoum had fallen and the chivalrous Gordon had paid the penalty of his chivalry.

The all-embracing term Bohemianism is not wide enough to cover the many qualities and conditions that entitled Frank Power to a Royal Arch degree in that unenrolled Freemasonry. Many and varied phases of life were his. The college, the army, the press, the consular and diplomatic service, the idler in the ateliers and the Paris cafes—all of these, and many more of a less definite character, he passed through in the comparatively brief tenure of existence allowed him on this changeable orb. In good fortune or adversity he preserved a cheerful aptitude for conditions like those Crustaceans who are equally content whether they lose a few limbs or come off with whole bones in the great struggles of the deep. When his purse was full he enjoyed himself at his own expense; when empty he would freely fall back on the principles of Christian Socialism with his Bohemian friends. As generous in giving as he was in taking, he came nearer to Horatio's character, very often, than any other man known to the writer. When he had nothing but his own good spirits to feed and clothe him, he usually found the best commissariat and the most serviceable wardrobe. He was a genuine Celt in his love of adventure, and more than Celtic in the exuberance of his imagination. He never contrived to pass the period of mature boyhood, no matter how old he grew. He had all the ingenuousness of the "freshest" college youth, rather than the "sagesse" of the man who had travelled much and experienced much, and it was this quality which endeared him to his friends and gave a relish to the often marvellous stories of escapades in the camp and the drawing-room, with which he was wont to charm away the tedium of the reporters' room o' nights while waiting for orders from the chief.

The son of a bank official in the South of Ireland, with a rather numerous allowance of brothers and sisters to draw upon the parental purse, Frank Power could not expect much more than a tolerably good education, and a good deal of this he acquired in France and Germany. One of his uncles was the late distinguished litterateur, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL.D., the biographer of Lord Cloncurry, "The Sham Squire," etc. He had a military taste, but he was not blood-thirsty either in taste or in talk. He liked the "pomp and circumstance" of the glorious trade, rather than the end for which it exists, and his artistic work was mostly of the tented field—not very ambitious, but pretty correct as regards costume. If another artist depicted a soldier with a belt crossed

in the wrong way, or a tassel out of its place, or a sabretache which belonged to a different regiment, his critical ire was at once aroused. He had all the uniforms of all the armies of all the nations put, and was better than an army gazetteer as to the date of the raising of every regiment of the British army and the circumstances which gave rise to it.

At an early age Frank got a commission in the Austrian army, which always has a welcome for an Irishman, and he was sent to the southern frontier with the army of observation to keep an eye on the movements of the Turks and Russians, then in deadly grips over the Bulgarian question. He used to exhibit in later days a snuff-box with which he said Osman Pasha had presented him as a token of friendship, but Frank's comrades in the reporters' room generally took the story with a pinch of salt as well as the high toast with which the box was filled. He sometimes dwelt with pride upon some souvenirs of Austrian Imperial favor for distinguished services, but the audience were usually disbelievers in the possibility of the Three Musketeers sort of adventures as an accompaniment of modern life in the Austrian capital. Power was usually as unmoved by incredulity as he was inaccessible to flattery. He calmly went his way, painting patiently at some little canvas—for he had set up an easel in the reporters' room of which I write—or transforming some classic nude subject in which he had failed, into a Nineteenth Century tailor-made one. It was from the stoical indifference with which he treated all dissentients, and went on again relating occurrences equally picturesque and remarkable, that he acquired from his comrades the affectionate appellation of "Ghazi"—that is, the invincible, in Turkish lexicography.

When Power quitted the Austrian army he returned to Ireland, and began to work for his living. His father having died, this was more than ever necessary. He turned to the press, but he was handicapped here by want of professional training. Of shorthand he knew little or nothing; and his more strictly literary talents were clogged by his penchant for all things military. The army kept bobbing up and down in everything he wrote, like King Charles' head in the mind of Dickens' harmless lunatic, destroying his chances of success in a sober civilian literature. The army often led him into trouble, but never was able to extricate him. Hence his progress as a litterateur was for some time like that of Sisyphus with his stone. Like most Irishmen he was improvident, and this failing was compensated by the knowledge it gave him of the constancy and number of his friends. If by any fortuitous piece of ill-luck none of these turned up to relieve him at the right moment, he had his armory and his wardrobe to fall back upon, with a friendly relation as intermediary. An artistic chum dropped in upon him at his lodgings in Sackville street, Dublin, one day when the funds were low and the larder scanty, and found him cutting a loaf of bread with one of the bric-a-brac swords, which, together with other monuments of war and the chase, adorned his den. Power, to his amused friend's query why he devoted a glorious weapon to such humdrum use, replied that he was short of cutlery, like Goldsmith was in straits with his landlady, and did not see why the sabre of his sires, which he said the weapon was, should not be useful as well as decorative. To show that he did not lay too much stress upon a superstitious veneration for

ancestors, he offered to sell the battle-blade to his friend for five shillings; and the friend, who is a lover of bric-a-brac too, and a skeptic in family traditions, closed with the offer there and then.

Powers' career on the press in Ireland was not very long, nor was it brilliant except in a negative way. Imagination is a useful—nay an indispensable thing—for a good writer, but the thing, like the horse, requires to be broken in before it is serviceable. Poor Power had to gain that knowledge at some cost. But he bore it all with the sublime cheerfulness which no philosophy can ever bring or buy—the buoyant courage which springs from an untroubled spirit and confidence in one's own integrity and good luck. He went to London, and there fell in with some congenial spirits, amongst the rest Edmund O'Donovan, the famous Oriental traveller. This was at the time the Soudan war was going on. Power, among his many other friends, also knew Colonel Stewart, who was entrusted with the command of the expedition for the relief of General Gordon, and his partial knowledge of Eastern languages, acquired during his sojourn on the Turkish frontier, gave him a chance of making himself useful on the expedition. He, Edmund O'Donovan, and Vizitelli, the artist for the Illustrated London News, were authorized to accompany the expedition; and they left London in all gaiety of heart, confident that they would have a good time in the land of the Pharaohs. O'Donovan was a man who had an utter contempt for danger of every kind. The very suggestion of such a thing was in itself a charm for him. His love of romantic adventure was unquenchable. Power resembled him in this way, but not in any other. O'Donovan was a man of rare intellect, a brilliant writer, and a scientist to some extent. He knew the dangers of the Soudan, and faced them as one knowing them. Power faced them too, but one who was quite aware of what they meant. Still, did he know it, I am sure the spirit of camaraderie, would have led him on, once he had embarked in the expedition.

Strange that although the most unpromising of the trio, it should have been reserved for Power to be the most useful. O'Donovan fell in the massacre of the relief expedition, and Vizitelli was taken prisoner by the Mahdi's horde, but Power made his way to Khartoum, and was enabled to send to the Times those narratives of the war that opened the eyes of England and the world to the tremendous character of the struggle to which the policy of Mr. Gladstone had committed England and Egypt. He stuck to his post all through the siege, and it was only when Gordon fell that he sought escape from the captured city, along with his friend General Stewart. Little we who used to jest with him and about him in the reporters' room long ago, dreamed that he would at last forfeit the name of "Ghazi," cut down by a savage hand on a lonely island of the Nile. There was so much of the boy about him that no one ever dreamed of the hero. Let us hope he is in the land of immortal youth.

Four. Corners. to. my. Bedde.

Four. Angels.

Round. my. Head.

One. to. Sing.

And. One. to. Pray.

Two. to. Carry.

My. Soule.

Away.



Matthew + Mark + Luke + and + John
Blest. be. ye. bedde. that. I. lie. on.

TWO ESTIMATES OF CARDINAL MANNING.

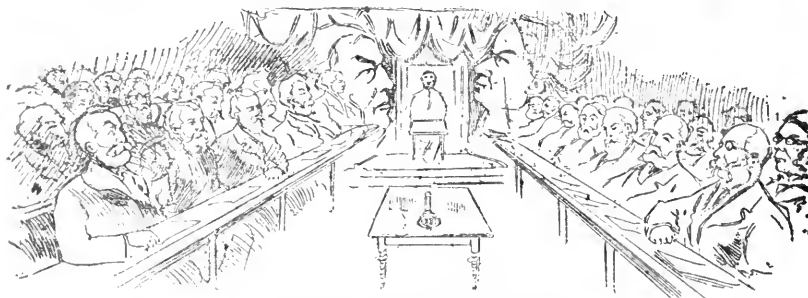
"THOSE who knew the Cardinal well, knew that he had two moods of character. One of great caution and self-restraint when he spoke or wrote for the public. Measure and prudence were then dictated by a high sense of responsibility. Another, of singular freedom and playfulness of speech, when he thoroughly unbent with those whom he trusted in private. I believe he would rather that his right hand had been cut off, that he had been suddenly struck dead, than that many of these documents should have been published as they have been. As his life drew to its close he became more and more sensitive in the matter of giving pain. Indeed, his own mind and heart on this subject are fully summed up in the words which he spoke into the phonograph as his last message, to be given to the world after death: 'I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken, will do harm to anyone when I am dead.'" —*Cardinal Vaughan, in the Nineteenth Century.*

"Cardinal Manning has often been accused of being ambitious. It seems to me that, as regards that fault, there are two ways of escaping the snare, viz., that of being above it and that of being below it. Many, no doubt, are preserved from all temptation to ambition, by a noble humility and spirituality, and by the absence of self-love; while others are preserved from it by indolence, or frivolity, or the absence of all high aspiration. A man conscious of great powers will generally wish to have a sphere in which he can exercise them for the benefit of mankind, even if he be unusually free from those lower motives which change into a vulgar ambition. Nay, without any such alloy, or ambition of an unworthy kind, strong faculties may, by a natural instinct, crave a field for their exercise, as bodily energies do without reproach. Manning would never, I am sure, have desired a position which he knew might be occupied by another with more benefit to mankind; neither would he have been slow to suspect that he might himself be unequal to its duties. His enemies do not attribute failure to him when tested. There was the less reason to attribute Cardinal Manning's rapid rise to ambition, in the bad sense of that word, because he manifestly possessed that union of qualities which almost inevitably leads to eminence unless a man is resolved not to accept it. He was, at the same time, a man of great energy and great circumspection."

"The scenes he most enjoyed were those in which he could most effectually labor for his fellow men, and especially for their moral interests. In such labors he was indefatigable. Nay, they seemed rather to sustain his strength than to exhaust it. He had a wonderful gift for administration, systematizing all his duties, never being in a hurry, finding out the aptitudes of those about him and using them to the best advantage. When he had toiled all day, to preach in the evening was a rest to him; it meant simply thinking aloud, often an easier thing than thinking in silence. He was as much a spiritual utilitarian as if he had been a Jesuit. When a gentleman of great munificence once promised

to build a cathedral for him at a cost of £300,000, I can imagine his replying carelessly, 'All right;' but he raised, after arduous and unceasing effort, £20,000 to provide Catholic schools in place of secular schools for the Catholic children of his diocese."—*Aubrey de Vere, in the Contemporary Review.*

BIG GIFTS IN GOLD FOR LITTLE TROUBLE



A POLITICAL PUZZLE PICTURE Who Do You Believe Will be Our Next Premier

The face to the right of the speakers chair represents Sir Chas. Tupper Bar, that to the left Hon Wilfred Laurier, other prominent men are in the body of the house.

The best offer of all and everybody gets a reward whether they are right or not, while those who are right and quick get the numerous articles mentioned below.

The Proprietors of Fox's Liver and Anemia Pills will give to the first person correctly marking the face of the gentleman who will lead the Government after the next election which takes place June 22nd, 1896, A '96 Model Ladies or Gentleman's Bicycle.

To the next two who are correct A Gold Watch Ladies or Gentleman's.

To the next four each A Silver Watch.

To the next ten following each A Solid Gold Ring set with Pearls and Turquoise or Garnets

To the next three each A Solid Gold Scarf Pin set with Solitaire Diamond.

To the middle correct answer A Handsome Gold Filled Watch Ladies or Gent's.

To the next ten on each side of the middle one their choice of A Solid Gold Ring or Scarf Pin with Pearls or Turquoise and Garnet Setting.

To the last correct answer A Gold Watch.

To the next twenty preceding the last their choice each of A Beautiful Silver Cake Basket or Tete-a-Tete Set Handsomely Engraved and Plated.

In former Competitions for the sale of our Medicine every one of our patrons could not get one of the numerous articles given. We have decided, as we are offering these goods to advertise our Medicine to give a handsome present to every person, whether their answer proves correct or not which will be sent to them at once and their names entered on our list for the valuable articles named above, all of which will be given away with perfect impartiality. In seeking the patronage of the readers of this advertisement we wish to impress upon them the fact that the above offers are bona fide and will be carried out fairly and fully as promised.

CONDITIONS.

Make a mark with pencil or pen on the face of the Gentleman that you believe will next lead the Government and enclose to us with 50 Cents for a box of Fox's Liver and Anemia Pills they will be mailed to you at once together with a handsome present. If on using the pills you do not prove them to be what we claim we will refund your money without question on your application for same by mail or otherwise. Competition closes June 22nd, 1896.

Following are names of some of those securing rewards in former Competitions. Write to any of them for verification of our promises. Full lists of those who were successful in our previous Competition are now ready for mailing.

Mrs. D. C. McKay, Paris Ontario, Allie Dingman, Bowmanville, Ontario, Joseph Baker, Arnprior, Ont., Mrs. Geo. Guyer, Carleton Place, Ont., Mrs. Geo. Somers, St. George, Ont., Wm. R. Shelp, Dickinson, Ont., Edith Sturgeon, Glen Buell, Ont., Ed. Gordon, Galt, Ont., Wm. Stapleton, Wingham, Ont., M. S. Bancroft, Guelph, Ont., James Cooke, Coulson, Ont., James Taylor, West Hill, Ont., John Bracken, Seely's Bay, Ont., Thos. Little, Harrow, Ont., Camilla Gearin, 43 Beverley St., Toronto, Wm. Walker, Chesham, Ont., Geo. Evans, Norham, Elizabeth Ferguson, 199 Brock St., Kingston, Ont., Alfred Calcott, Kingston Mills, Ont., Miss R. M. Mills, Ont. Ag. Col., Guelph, Ont., Perry Pigeon, Amherstburg, Ont., H. Marlinan, 38 Clarence St., Kingston, John Douglas, Port Hope, Ont., Luella Burnett, Bloomington, Ont., Robt. Rook, Napanee Mills, Ont.

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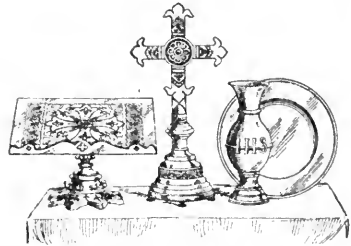
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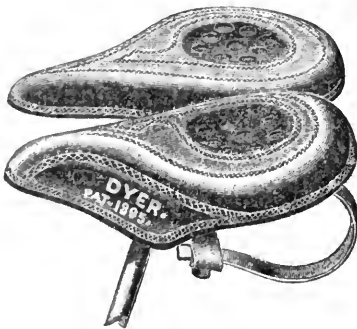
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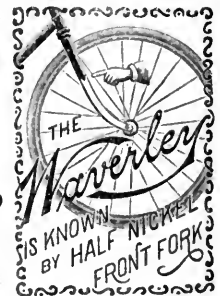
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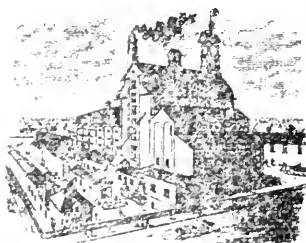
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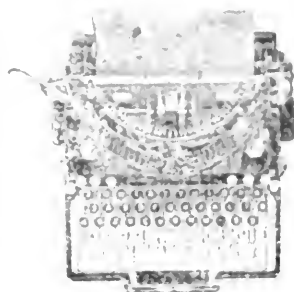
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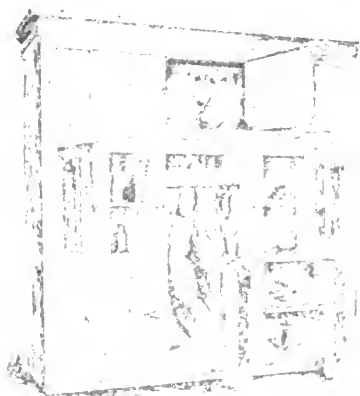
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